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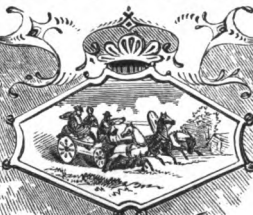




# SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES



NEW YORK.



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# S P E C T A C L E S

FOR YOUNG EYES.

*N E W   Y O R K.*

BY S. W. LANDER.

"We look before and after." — SHELLEY.

NEW YORK :  
SHELDON AND COMPANY,

498 AND 500 BROADWAY.

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M.T. BOYD

*Harris & Co*

HOME AGAIN.

# NEW YORK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OUT IN THE HARBOR.

**W**E arrived at New York without having been disturbed by any startling event, for our only amusement was sitting upon deck and watching the clouds, or looking far away across the water, day after day, in vain search for land, — that we could never find, — or varying the monotony by telling stories, or playing practical jokes upon a small son of the captain, who frightened us all by appearing at startling intervals in forbidden and dangerous places. Whether that amazing boy ever arrived at home, we have not heard; but we, at least, are safe in America, which is much more important to us, and may be, we hope, to you, too.

How we look back upon those days as days of rest! We are so very tired of sight-seeing. There was only the wide stretch of blue water as

far as you could see, and a faint line of light in the distance, so far off that it seemed to hint to us more of a distant heaven than an approaching home on earth. The stillness around us was so deep, that the shriek of a distant sea-gull as we neared the land, the creaking of a rope, the sudden plunge of a dolphin, and the dull beat of the waves against the ship's side, were the only sounds, except the rough voices of the men and the tramp of the people on deck. It seemed to us then as if we were the only inhabitants in the world.

How great was the change as we came near New York! The bristling masts of the vessels in the harbor first came in sight, like a barren forest of pine trees, or like sentinels on guard, with fixed bayonets pointing to the sky. As we came nearer, the busy little river steamboats darted across from shore to shore, puffing hot smoke, as if quite out of breath with the heat and the hurry. They never stopped to rest, but left one crowd of passengers and took another in the same gasp. It is tiresome to look at them in a hot day. The harbor of New York is twenty-five miles round, dotted with beautiful islands; the city is built on one of these. The entrance from the Sound is so rough that it was called Helle-gat by the Dutch settlers; the water in the harbor is so deep that the heaviest vessels can float there; it is large enough for an enormous fleet.

The spires of the churches were shining in the morning sun as we came in, and the glass dome of a monster observatory caught a ray of sunlight, and flashed and sparkled like an enormous eye, winking jollily at us. There is something very merry and very gay about New York. Boston is a staid, quiet, solemn place; but New York is always gay. St. Nicholas is the patron saint of the city; so, of course, it is always full of the Old Nick. When you receive this book at Christmas, you must think of St. Nicholas, for New York is his especial care. At least it was when the old Dutch settlers lived here, and I don't believe he has forgotten the children even now, though they do think so little about him.

When the people from Holland first came to this country, they did not intend to settle here, but they were surprised at the beauty of the scenery. Their own country is so full of water, that dikes and ditches are needed to keep it out of the streets; they are in constant danger of an inundation. Their towns are built on piles over the water, the women skate as they go to market, and canals are almost as plenty as streets. How they should live without one, seemed to puzzle them, I think; at last they built one all across the state. I have read in a funny book that as they were hesitating where to go first, their leader, Oloffte Van Kortland, had a dream, which you shall hear. It is as good as any

fairy story ; and besides that, it tells us how the city happened to be built here.

"St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees in that self-same wagon," it says, "wherein he brings his yearly presents to children ; and he descended. He lighted his pipe by the fire, and sat himself down and smoked ; and as he smoked, the smoke from his pipe ascended into the air, and spread like a cloud overhead. And Olofffe be-thought him, and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country ; and as he considered more attentively, he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of marvellous forms, where, in dim obscurity, he saw shadowed out palaces, and domes, and lofty spires, all of which lasted but a moment, and then faded away, until the whole rolled off, and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hat-band, and, laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortland a very significant look ; then, mounting his wagon, he returned over the tree tops, and disappeared.

"And Olofffe awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he aroused his companions, and related to them his dream, and interpreted it that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city *here* ; and that the smoke

of the pipe was a type how vast would be the city, inasmuch as the volumes of its smoke would spread over a wide extent of country. And they all with but one voice assented to this interpretation, and he declared the meaning to be, that it would be a city where a little fire would occasion a great smoke, or, in other words, a very vapoing little city."

"And don't we see the vapors still?" said Peter, pointing to the sky, as Mr. Hamilton related the story, when they came nearer to the city, for the children were so restless with the delight of landing, that he could not keep them still; they were running about in the way of the passengers.

"You are under everybody's feet," said a testy old gentleman to Peter.

"Thank you, sir," he replied, bowing politely down to the ground.

The old gentleman looked at him doubtfully, to see if he was in earnest; but Peter's serious face convinced him that he was not *laughing* at him, at least, and he bowed in return for Peter's gratitude at receiving advice, seized his big carpet-bag, and disappeared over the side of the vessel.

Our turn came next. We were glad to leave the forts and islands behind us, to sleep alone, and listen to the whispers of the sobbing sea. We came up in a little steamer, leaving the large one to rest in the waves at its leisure, and be fitted out for another voyage across the Atlantic.

We immediately forgot all the discomfort of the passage in the delight of being on land again. We stopped at the Custom House, where our trunks were examined to see if we had brought anything to America which we were not allowed to bring, and while the officers were speaking to Mr. Hamilton, we looked out of the door, and an old sailor, lounging at the door post, began to talk to us.

"Do you know that General Washington was made president here?" he asked. "You don't seem to think much of this place, because you are in such a hurry to get into the handsomer parts of the city."

We shook our heads incredulously, as we did *not* believe it.

"They do not make presidents in the Custom House," said Peter, boldly.

"You think that is one of my long stories. No, my boy, that is no sailor's yarn I have been spinning. You may haul taut and belay there. It is on this very spot that General Washington stood when he was inaugurated the first president of the United States of America. The old Federal Hall stood here then, and he stood in the open gallery of it, and was made president. Bless his eyes!"

"I should like to see that old hall," said Walter.

"This is a handsomer building," said the old salt. "It took eight years to build this, and it cost two

millions of money — so they say. The white marble it is made of came way from Massachusetts, and it is said to be built just like the old Pantheon in Rome."

"Is it built to represent the Pantheon? Where is the hole in the roof to let out the smoke of the burnt-offerings?" exclaimed Walter, peering curiously at the handsome roof of the Custom House, in an absent manner.

"You forget where you are, Walter. There is no such thing in America. That hole is a skylight and ventilator. You must not be so absent-minded, or they will laugh at you in this practical country."

Walter laughed himself, and exclaimed, "The idea of a hole in the roof of a granite building in America, to commemorate an ancient custom that they have hardly heard of in this country! They have no respect for antiquities here — so my father says."

"I don't know about that, my boy," returned the sailor, proudly; "they have named their towns and cities for the ancient places. There is Rome, and Carthage, and Ithaca, and *New York*, besides many others. They like to remember the old names, for the Yankees can invent anything, whether it be a name or a machine."

"Why have not they kept the Indian names?" said Walter; "they are so original."



"They have," said the sailor; "this very island, Manhattan, is named from the Manhadens, or Manhattans, an Indian tribe they found here."

"*I* heard that it came from the Indian women wearing hats — Man-hat-on. They said so," Peter exclaimed, eagerly.

"Come, boys," said Mr. Hamilton, "let us hurry off. We are anxious to get home. Say good by to your old friend, and hurry on."

He really had caught the American manner. We hurried into the street, and almost ran, as if there was not another minute to lose, and not another coach to be caught for the day. People scampered nimbly across sidewalks and into coaches that clattered along the noisy pavement, striking against each other, breaking a window, or throwing down a horse, without waiting to care. If the horse clambered up while the driver sat on his seat, and flourished his whip without moving from it, it was better for the horse; but if he fell from exhaustion, or slid on the slippery pavement, he soon felt the whip, as a punishment to urge him on. The very drays and omnibuses were like familiar objects, and were welcomed by us like old friends. Here were no foreign sights, no strange words, or astonishing customs to puzzle over and wonder at. We missed the variety of incident and the novelty of foreign costume; but

we were at home, even if we were alone and quite unknown in a large city.

We looked out of the coach window to see the sights. A boy, selling violets tied up into small bunches, and a girl with a few pansies and geraniums in little bouquets, stood side by side, but no one seemed to buy the flowers while we looked out. A blind man, with a box suspended from his neck, with a slit cut in the cover of the box, inviting stray pennies to drop there, begged in vain for a cent. Another man, without arms, sat by the iron fence, half asleep, but was more fortunate than the other. Every one seemed indifferent to his neighbor; every one hurried on, unconscious of the rest, as solitary in the crowd as if they were not human beings belonging to one large family, and children of one Father, but merely animals of a different species. However, if an accident had happened, we should have seen them all run to the spot with sympathy and offers of assistance.

A ballad singer sat by the railing of the church, with his ballads hanging on the iron fence behind him, looking like little white flags on the dark background.

"That is the way the sailors hang out their stockings," said Tom; "did you see the rows of them as we came up the harbor? I guess they thought it was Christmas, and that Santa Claus

was coming! Father says he belongs to New York."

"It was their washing-day, Tom," said Mary.

"How funny!" he answered, blandly, but never astonished at anything.

"I wish I knew what those ballads were about," exclaimed Peter, to the driver. Peter always sat upon the box to see the fun.

"If you did get near enough to read them, it might only be 'Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,' or some such nonsense. Why they did not hang him puzzles me. They have been talking of it long enough."

"Is not your war over?" asked Peter. "We waited in Europe until we heard that peace was declared."

"O, yes, all the fighting is over, but what we are going to do now puzzles the wise heads," said the man.

"My father thinks he shall go to Washington and hear what is going on," replied Peter, not knowing how to advise in the matter of politics, as he had been absent so long. "You could tell him all about it, of course, you understand it so well."

But we drove on: the street was so crowded with vehicles, that the ideas and the politics of the coachman became as hopelessly entangled as those of greater men; or as the carts and coaches were,

which were entangled together in such a manner that Mrs. Hamilton's nerves became troublesome again.

"O, Peter!" she cried, "what is the matter? Where *are* we going? We shall be overturned!"

Peter nodded back to her, with a grin of delight, at the hopeless confusion of drivers and vehicles. An omnibus had stopped for a passenger, and the pole of the stage just behind it struck through the door and shattered the window, jarring the passengers, and startling them. One cross old gentleman shook his cane out of the window, and scolded every one, as if that could help the matter. A young woman hushed her crying baby who added its screams to the noise, and to increase the confusion, a fashionable youth jumped into the vehicle, stepped on everybody's toes, and poked the cane under his arm into the eyes of the passengers, with the air of being the only important person in the crowd. As he thrust the ticket through the hole in the top of the omnibus, he jerked the strap so rudely, that the driver, already exasperated by the delay, cried out in vexation, "Don't try to pull me through!"

"What is he saying? What is the matter? Where are they carrying him?" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton.

How Peter laughed! It was so delightful.

"They are only telling the passengers to keep quiet, and the driver tells them not to pull him through the pigeon-hole on the roof."

"What nonsense, Peter. How can you be so foolish when I am so alarmed. My nerves really suffer with all this noise, and the jar is dreadful after the quiet of the sea."

Poor Mrs. Hamilton! how little we sympathize with her sufferings! We laughed at the intricate manner in which the dray was entangled in a crowd of omnibuses, and we laughed at the rage of the drivers, some of whom were vociferating loudly, and shouting, "Go ahead!" and others were carefully looking at their wheels, and apparently indifferent to all the confusion. Our driver sat unmoved upon the box, in dignified silence. Presently a policeman came along, and waved his magic wand; then the crowd seemed to subside. The foot passengers crossed in safety; the dray and the omnibus separated; the carriages fell back into line, and we drove on towards our new home.

But where is that home, after so many years of absence? you ask. We drove at once to the Fifth Avenue hotel, and received a kind welcome and an elegant home, that seemed to have been waiting especially for us, everything was arranged so perfectly for our comfort.

Unlike our drawing-room in Rome, which had

an air of grandeur, but of decay, that the fresh gilding and bright paint only rendered more apparent, the drawing-room in New York charmed us by its newness, freshness, and cleanliness. Modern pictures hung on the walls; no antique statues or old paintings reminded us of the past. Everything spoke of the present, — the activity, the bustle, and the haste of Americans.

"How unlike the languor and delay of the lazy Italians," said Mr. Hamilton. "This city has grown up since the time when I was here last. Then the Hippodrome stood where this enormous hotel is."

"What kind of a beast was that?" said Peter, coming in, and not waiting for an answer; "and what is that queer looking affair in the hall for, papa? It is some Yankee invention, but what is it? Can you guess, mamma?"

"It is nothing that I have seen, Peter, but I do wish some of the ingenious people would invent a way of taking us to our rooms; it is really quite equal to a long walk down Broadway to journey through so many passages, only we have not the variety of sight-seeing that we have there."

"I think you have hit it exactly, my dear. I believe there is such an article, if you desire it. May all your wishes be as easily gratified," replied her husband, gleefully.

"Do you really mean that I shall not be obliged

to walk to my room. I would not venture into such a thing as an elevator for the world. If there is one, I should be terrified to death. I would prefer to walk miles."

"But did not you just *say* that you *wanted* one, mamma?" inquired Tom, in a puzzled manner; "I thought you did."

"Hush, my dear!" shaking her finger at him, pleasantly. "I did not *mean* so. I only felt that the dreadful fatigue was too much for me. I could not bear such a fright as it would give me. Really, these wonderful people do astonish me with their inventions, and the immense hotels are almost as large as a foreign village."

"Mamma!"

"Yes, my dear."

"Let us go back to Europe, then," said Tom, earnestly.

"Ah, no!" she replied, good-humoredly, laughing. "We shall soon be able to bear the noise, and I suppose we *have* seen worse trials."

"We, who have slept in a Russian inn, and in an Italian palace, complaining of noise and show in a New York hotel! That is simply ridiculous. We ought to be thankful to be at home," said Mr. Hamilton.

At home! We were indeed thankful, and were glad to go to our rooms, even if we walked the length of a street in Rome to reach them.

## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY DUTCH SETTLERS. — ST. NICHOLAS.

"**H**OW very unlike the sober old Dutchman this magnificent hotel appears!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, when they were seated in the evening, in a handsome apartment, with Mrs. Hamilton lounging on a luxurious sofa, and Tom and Mary playing at a marble centre-table, busy with one of those difficult Chinese puzzles, so difficult that it makes you wonder why they should be called playthings, and wish they were impossible. The gas was lighted, and the whole room was a picture of comfort and luxury.

"What old Dutchman did you mean, my dear?" Mrs. Hamilton at last replied, absently, for her ideas were still a little confused after her sea voyage, and went wool-gathering over the carpet, and wandering over the pattern on the paper, in a vague way they had learned while at sea. "What old Dutchman did you say it was? I don't recollect any one in particular to whom you refer, but I thought the Dutchmen generally were never very sober."



Mr. Hamilton laughed good-naturedly.

"I only wanted to remind you of the early Dutch settlers. How amazed and shocked they would have been at so much extravagance in their city! This whole establishment is so different from their small Dutch houses, with tiled roofs and the little projecting stoops where they sat and smoked their pipes, and looked out to see the stage come heavily rolling in from Boston once a fortnight, bringing the news for the whole village."

"News!" said Peter, running into the room, "what news? The Dutch have taken possession of Holland! Did you hear it? What is going on now, Mary?"

Tom and Mary looked up with puzzled faces, but seeing Peter's comical countenance, they knew he was laughing at them, and went on with the impossible puzzle, but at the same time had their eyes open and ears ready to hear all the news that Peter brought.

"Peter, do be a little more serious," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and do listen to your father, who is telling the children something about the early Dutch settlers."

"We thought he was only talking to you, mamma, about an old Dutchman. We will listen, too," said Mary.

"But did they ever take Holland?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Hear him!" exclaimed Peter, in delight; "hear him! Didn't you know that the Dutch belonged in Holland, Tom? That is a country half covered with water, and there the women skate when they go to market, and the houses are built on piles out in the sea."

"Then why did not they stay there?" said bright little Tom. "What do the Dutchmen want in New York?"

"They heard of this new and beautiful country, and they came to see it, and settled here."

"If New York was settled by the Dutch, as you say, and the old song goes," said Peter, singing,

"Some Dutch, from Holland, settled Pat on  
An island that they called Manhattan;  
And straight they set themselves to work  
And built the city of New York"—

Tom looked up delighted.

"You never heard that, Tom! No? It was in my geography before your day. But I say, if those Dutchmen lived here, and settled this part of the country, and built New York, why don't everybody speak Dutch?"

"That is a sensible question, Peter. It shows you are not quite so thoughtless as you seem to be," said his simple mother.

"But what is the reason?" repeated Peter, carelessly.

"It is because the English afterwards took the city from the Dutchmen, though it still retains traces of its early Dutch origin."

"What kind of houses did they have, and how did they live?" asked Peter; "I want to hear about the Dutchmen."

"In small thatched cottages with two rooms and with wooden chimneys. The furniture was very different from ours; they had wooden tables, made out of rough boards, wooden plates, wooden stools instead of chairs, pewter spoons and bowls. Soon the wants of the people increased. Then the chimneys were called unsafe, and the straw roofs dangerous."

"How very natural that is!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton. "How readily we call a thing unsafe and dangerous, if we wish to find an excuse for exchanging for a better one." She ought to know, for she had often done so herself.

"Why did not they have stone houses?" asked Peter. "Was there no stone upon the island?"

"Yes, there was an abundance of stone on the northern part of the island, that they afterwards used."

"Were not those odd-looking houses, with checker-boards on the front, Dutch houses, mamma?" asked Tom. "I thought Walter said so."

"Checker-boards, Tom! I don't understand you."

"Yes, little black and yellow bricks, in regular order, like a checker-board; and on the front of the house, which always stood endwise to the street."

"Now I remember what you mean. I have seen some of those houses. They all faced the same way, and had a weathercock on the roof."

"O, yes," said Walter; "the governor's servant used to nail the governor's vane in the right direction every morning, so the rest should know the way of the wind and follow it. I have read that in Washington Irving."

"You are very wise, Walter; there was the same fashion of the door divided in the middle, with the old Dutchmen leaning over it to smoke their pipes."

"We have often seen them there in Germany," said Mary. "Tell us something about the inside of the ancient Dutch houses."

"Certainly. What do you suppose was the most ornamental piece of furniture in the parlor, Mary?"

"A spinet, or a sideboard; *that* was formerly considered a handsome piece of furniture," replied Mrs. Hamilton.

"No; it was a bed!" he answered.

"A bed! But you mean that was in the sleeping-room, papa, I suppose."

"No : as an ornamental piece of parlor furniture ; there was a bed with curtains of camlet, and an immense feather-bed upon it, with a down coverlet," he replied.

"I remember those down coverlets in Germany ; it was like sleeping under a feather-bed," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"There was a beaufet or cupboard in the corner, with glass doors, where the silver plate was displayed. Almost every wealthy family had its porringers, tankards, and ladles. But glass was not much used, and they drank punch from immense punch-bowls, and beer from silver tankards."

"Do you mean that every one in the room drank from the same bowl or tankard?" asked Peter.

"Yes ; it was their simple fashion."

"What a funny custom !" he said, laughing.

"Did they have any carpets in those days?" asked Mary, who had been intently studying the beautiful bunches of velvet flowers on the carpet at her feet, and admiring their colors. "Had they any carpets, mamma, in that strange country?"

"It was not a strange country at all, Mary ; it was the very one where you are now — but the only carpet at that time was bright sand, strewed over a clean, white wooden floor, and then twisted and brushed into some fanciful pattern."

"That was not very neat for the Dutchmen, mamma!"

"Yes, it was very clean and fresh. If you have never seen a sanded floor, you cannot fancy how neatly it looks when it is newly washed and sanded."

"I should not want to see one."

"Ah, you would enjoy seeing a Dutch kitchen, with its immense fireplace filled with blazing wood, and the bright fire-irons, and the Dutch tiles; then the sanded floor and the high-backed chairs, and the fireplace that was so large that the children sat in the chimney-corner and told stories until bedtime, while the pet lamb and the dog listened, and the spinning-wheel buzzed an accompaniment."

"Ah! tell *us* one, mamma."

"What, now, in the midst of the Dutch! Is not this a story?"

"Not such a story as I like; not a funny one."

"Then I must wait until Walter comes in to finish about the Dutchmen, and tell you a little story before bedtime."

"Tell them now about St. Nicholas, who is the patron saint of New York," said Mr. Hamilton.

"The first church that was ever built in the city—it was in Bowling Green—was named for him. The little Dutch children, and even the men and

women must have had great faith in the saint, for they named the first emigrant ship that touched these shores for St. Nicholas."

"And one of the largest hotels is called the St. Nicholas; so they believe in him now!" exclaimed Tom.

"If the children were naughty, Tom," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling, "St. Nicholas never brought a gift, and they tried very hard to be good, *especially when Christmas was approaching*. They labelled their stockings with their names, — for even Santa Claus *might* make a mistake, — and then hung them in the enormous chimney-corner and went to bed happy, singing this little hymn, when they had said their prayers, —

'Sint Nicholas, goed heilig man,  
Trekt uw' hesten Tabbard an,  
En reist daarmec naar Amsterdam;  
Van Amsterdam, naar Spanja,  
Waar appelen van Granaten  
Rollen door de Straten.  
Sint Nicholas, myn goden Vriend,  
Ik heb u altyd wel gediend,  
Als gy my un nat milt geben,  
Fal ik u dienen als myn leven.'

"That is not very pretty. What does it mean?" asked Tom. Then Mrs. Hamilton repeated, in a lively manner, the words of the song in English.

"St. Nicholas, good saintly man,  
Take the swiftest route you can,

And travel quick to Amsterdam;  
From Amsterdam to Spain then go,  
Where oranges and lemons grow  
So plenty, that they, — ripe and sweet, —  
Roll to meet you in the street.  
Friend Nicholas, — 'tis well deserved,  
Because I always have you served,  
If you will something to me give,  
I'll serve you always, while I live."

"That is the meaning, very nearly. Dutch is a little different from the German, as you see."

"I know a German Santa Claus song, mamma. May I repeat it?" exclaimed Tom, eagerly.

"Certainly, my dear. I should like to hear it," she replied, with a smile at his earnestness.

And Tom repeated the following lines: —

- "There came to a castle, in headlong speed,  
A dashing knight, on a handsome steed;  
Then a lady fair looked out to see —  
'My husband's not at home!' said she.
- "'There is no one at home,' she quickly said,  
'But the children, myself, and the servant maid.'  
'Then,' cried the knight with the handsome steed,  
And he spoke to the lady, in headlong speed,
- "'Tell me, at once, are the children good?'  
'Ah!' said the lady, 'I wish I could;  
Every one is a naughty child,  
Disobedient, rude, and wild.'
- "'Then,' said the knight (and he turned so swift),  
'For children like that I have no gift!'  
And away he rushed, with headlong speed,  
This handsome knight, on the dashing steed."



"It is all very well," said Tom, "but if I had to wait until I was a good boy, I am afraid St. Nicholas would not ever bring me a present."

And he walked off, with perfect coolness, out of the room, evidently disbelieving the whole story.

Was not he a silly fellow? and does not he deserve that St. Nicholas should forget him next Christmas?

## CHAPTER III.

### A WALK IN BROADWAY. — THE FIRST FERRY.

ONE morning we walked out, hoping to see something new and wonderful, even if we were not in a foreign city. The bridge over Broadway, with the men and boys crossing it, and looking down, leaning over the railing, was a curious sight. We went up the iron steps and looked over — like the rest — at the moving panorama in the street below, crowded as far as we could see with men and women, dogs, horses, carts, and children, in dense confusion. The policeman, with his magic wand, restored order when the chaos was too great.

Peter amused us by reading the signs aloud, and translating them into English. They gave quite a foreign air to the street, and the names are the same in both countries, as Peter told us in his funny way.

“ ‘Kohlsaas and Brother,’ he read. ‘That is Mr. Cabbageseed, and his brother must be Cauliflower, or Turnip. ‘Rosenbaum,’ Mr. Rose-tree : rather a prickly customer, I suppose. ‘Beaumgarten :’ here is a nursery ! ” he cried.

"Peter, don't stare about so," said his father, for Peter was *too* funny.

"I was thinking about the names I knew in Germany, and finding the same here. Do you suppose that Mr. Schmidt, who sells those nice German picture-books, is any relative of Mr. Smith, who really has the same name?"

"Perhaps they had the same Dutch ancestor, Peter," replied Mr. Hamilton, laughing.

"And here is Mr. Weiss, who never even thought Mr. White, his neighbor, had a similar name; and Mr. Roth, who is only Mr. Red, in English."

"But there never was a Mr. Red, Peter," said Walter, in his solemn and precise manner.

"There *is* a Mr. Roth, for here is his sign; and here are Mr. Green and Mr. Gray," added Peter.

"Mr. Grün and Mr. Grau; but those are not the only names, like the German ones, Peter. Mr. Long and Mr. Short are quite as common in both countries."

"O, yes! I did not think of that. Mr. Kurz and Mr. Lang are both very good names."

"Dickens has given us Mr. Thick, with his thick-headed Mr. Dick, in David Copperfield."

"We might go on forever, through the adjectives, but we can find something more amusing





THE MAN WITH A CHIMNEY ON HIS BACK.

to talk about. To be sure, it is quite natural that you should notice the similarity of names, and the difference in the customs here. I hope you will learn something from seeing so much of the world.'

"If we do not learn, it will be because we will not use our eyes, nor your spectacles, papa. Look at this fellow! He seems to have a chimney built upon his shoulders. Now what can that be for?" he asked, as we passed a man with a stack of wood on his back.

"He looks like the Chinaman who used to carry his kitchen upon his back. Do you suppose he means to stop and cook his dinner by and by?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"It is a chimney of wood. He could not cook by that; but he might use it to light his fire. What is it for?"

"It is piled up like basket work. How nice it would be to cut a stick, and let the whole structure descend to the sidewalk, scattered like the baseless fabric of a vision," said Walter, pompously, and twirling his cane.

"Don't be so grand, Walter, and don't use such long words," said little Tom, looking up in Walter's face, sweetly.

"Look here!" said a burly policeman, stopping to speak to them, with an important air. "Look

here now, *you'd* have to cut if you played such a trick as that here, young man," and he walked on.

Walter blushed to the roots of his hair.

"How excessively awkward!" he exclaimed. "I did not know that policeman was so near. It is fortunate I did not attempt the joke."

We knew that Walter never would have ventured to play a joke on any one, but Peter could not have helped it, and it was lucky for the man that he was not there. We walked behind him, wondering how he could pursue his way so quietly, and what the strange basket-work could be made for, and why he did not carry it in his hands instead of wearing it on his back, looking like an overgrown hat, fit for a giant king. As we looked and wondered, suddenly the tall pillar tottered to its foundation, and fell clattering to the ground, like a pile of blocks in your play-room. The man looked around wildly, clapped his hands to his head, looked up and down, and stared as if he had seen a vision; and there, peeping from behind a corner, was Peter, jumping and laughing, as if it were a prodigious joke. We said nothing, but looked on. In a few moments Peter came forward, quietly, with a sober face and grave manner, and spoke to the man, who was standing in the ruins of his pagoda, that was now changed to a wood-pile, as if by the wand of a fairy.

"My wood! my wood!" he cried, sadly.

"Then why do you wear your wood-pile on your back?" asked Peter, with an innocent face, as if asking a serious question.

"Why, to earn my living!" said the man.

"Would it not be cheaper to keep it in your barn?" said our incorrigible Peter.

"I have neither house nor barn," said the man.

"I was trying to turn an honest penny by selling kindling-wood, but some monkey of a youngster has spoiled a good day's work."

"Let me help you pick it up," exclaimed Peter, vexed at having no fun from his joke, and at being called a monkey, instead of being applauded for his wit.

Then we came along and laughed at him for playing such a school-boy trick. Peter was quite ashamed at being detected in it; and when we laughed at him for *that*, he answered very truly, that "most people are more afraid of being found out than they are of doing wrong."

"What is my wise son about this pleasant morning, that he is discoursing so sensibly?" asked his father, suddenly appearing from a side street where he had left us.

We all laughed, and Peter looked silly, twirling his cap in his hand, and quite at a loss for an answer.



Fortunately, the man with his wood had been hurried away by a policeman, and Peter was triumphant again.

"Ah! it is nothing; a little joke of mine," he answered.

"Why are you always joking, Peter? Look around you, and find something to learn," he said, in his old pompous manner.

"Sermons in stones, father!" replied Peter. "There is certainly nothing to learn here from brick and mortar."

"The very streets, which are so crooked in the lower part of the city, where we stand, tell a story worth learning," Mr. Hamilton replied.

"What is it, sir, — the proverb that 'a man is never lost in a straight road'?"

"Not that, exactly; but that the early settlers chose to build where it happened to be most convenient and easy for them, and that city lots and even streets were unknown until 1642."

"What kind of houses did they live in at that time?" asked Walter, always delighted to learn a new fact. Do you wonder at his fancy?

"They were not like the elegant mansions we now see, certainly; but were little cottages, with thatched roofs and wooden chimneys," said Mr. Hamilton. "A few of these, standing with the gable end to the street, formed the principal part of the city."

"Were there no rich men then, and no large houses?" asked Peter, who could not imagine New York formed from such a small beginning as two or three houses near the foot of Broadway.

"Yes, there were many rich men, who were anxious to promote the growth of the colony. There were also a few houses built of brick and stone. These were for the governor and his officials."

"Were there many streets laid out at that time?" asked Peter, carelessly.

"How could there be streets, Peter?" said Walter. "We always hear of a cow-path being the first street through a city."

"There were two roads here, Peter," replied his father, "one ran along the line of Broadway to the Park, and then turned off, to avoid a hill and a brook, towards the Bowery."

"And where were all the many ferries in those days?" asked Peter, quickly.

"And the other road, where did that lead?" said Walter, more ready to listen to a long story.

"I can answer both your questions at once, fortunately," said their father. "The other road extended from the fort through Stone Street to Hanover Square, and along the shore of the river to the ferry."

"But where was the ferry? There were no

steamboats, and no Fulton Ferry, Jersey Ferry, South Ferry, Wall Street —" exclaimed Peter, turning his back upon his father, and counting each omnibus that passed, reading aloud the name on the side of it.

"Jersey Ferry! Courtlandt Street! I have counted ten South ferries to one Jersey ferry stage!" he exclaimed. "Now I shall remember that, when we go to Staten Island — ten South ferries to one Jersey ferry."

"If that is more amusing than anything else, you can still continue that pleasant occupation, Peter; but I thought you wanted to hear about the first ferry that was ever crossed, and not about the omnibus lines."

"O, dear! so I do. But — won't it be tiresome?" he said, with a jerk of his curly head.

"Not so tiresome as the first ferryman found it, who sat beneath a tree and waited for passengers," said Walter.

"You are not quite correct there, Walter," said Mr. Hamilton. "He was too industrious, and the passengers were too few to wait for. There was a horn hanging on the tree by the ferry, and the boatman, who lived on his farm near the place, came at the sound of the horn, and rowed passengers across the river."

"There was no fear of *losing the boat* in those days, Walter," said Peter, laughing.

Walter smiled ; he understood the allusion to his want of punctuality.

"I think he was very good-natured to leave his plough or drop his hoe whenever the horn sounded. It must have been very provoking, to be hard at work, and then have to run to the sound of any horn — except the dinner horn," he added, slyly.

"He was paid for it," said Walter, coolly.

"Ah, yes ! that makes a difference," said our sensible Peter ; "but how much *was* he paid for his trouble?"

"The small sum of three stivers, in wampum. If you can find out exactly how much that is, you will know the rate of ferriage in those days," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"Who was that good-natured man, who was so ready to benefit the public and annoy himself?" asked Peter, with a pretence of curiosity that he did not feel.

"It was Cornelius Dircksen, probably some stout old Dutchman, who was very willing to earn the money, and was too phlegmatic to feel annoyed at being interrupted at his work," said Mr. Hamilton.

"And where was the ferry?" asked Peter ; "we have not found that out yet."

"Let me see if I can make you understand," replied his father, thoughtfully, looking around, as if there were any traces of it remaining to-day.

"I am sure I can understand, if you will only tell me," exclaimed Peter, impatiently, for he was as naughty as ever, and disliked waiting as much as you do, even if you are too sly to tell of it.

But Mr. Hamilton went on without heeding him. "It was — let me see," he said, "the nearest point of contact — well — it was a little bit below the Fulton Ferry landing, at Brooklyn, and they came across the river at the nearest point."

"But what was the nearest point? What street formed the edge of the river, if there was any street at that time?" asked Peter.

"It was Pearl Street. It ran along the shore of the river, for the good old Dutchmen seemed to remember their old home, — Holland, — and built their houses near the water."

"But where was Front Street, and South Street, and Water Street, at that time, father? Have you forgotten that Pearl Street is far above them?" said Walter, for he had been studying the map of the city industriously for a few days.

Mr. Hamilton laughed, as he answered, "They were at the bottom of the river at that time."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Peter, in surprise. "Were they *fished up*, or made like the streets of Venice, of water?"

"How foolish!" said Walter. "What a question to ask!"

"Peter is not so silly as you think, Walter, for the river bed *was* filled up with earth and stones, and Water Street undoubtedly takes its name from the river which formerly flowed through its very centre, which was the river bed."

"And a stream of people is the only running stream to be seen there now. What makes every one in such a hurry in New York, papa?" he asked, abruptly, as if ashamed of his poor attempt at wit.

"Because every one is trying to get on as fast as his neighbor. The city has been built up very rapidly, and increased so much in population, that you will hardly believe that Pearl Street was the limit of the fashionable city, and that Water Street was filled with the handsome residences of the up-town burghers."

"What were those? Burglars?" said Peter.

"The wealthy Dutch citizens," replied his father, "who were formerly called burghers, or citizens."

"How funny it is to look around and see all the changes that have taken place, and to hear about the old Dutch settlers of the city. I wish you would tell us more about them."

"I hardly know what you would care to hear."

"What makes the streets so crooked in the lower part of the city?" asked Peter, for he must ask some question.

"This is the reason I have heard, — that every settler kept his own cow, and a herdsman was appointed by the city authorities to drive them all every day to pasture. He went through the streets every morning, blowing a horn, and he led the cows along Pearl Street to the Park, and drove them into the pasture."

"Why did they go to the Park?"

"The Park was the cow-pasture then," said his father. "You are not attending to what I say."

"Yes, I was, father; but I asked you why the streets were so crooked, and you began to tell me about the cows going to pasture, and I didn't see what that had to do with it."

"The people built their houses all along the beaten track which the cows took on their way to pasture, for they follow the same path every day. You may often find a footpath through a field, and follow it, supposing it will lead to some house or village, and it terminates in a pond, where the cattle stand and drink. This was a winding path, and the lots below Wall Street were large enough for orchards, and as every one of the good settlers kept his cow, which was driven up into the Park every morning and home again at night, the street was soon marked out."

"That is very funny. So they built wherever they liked?" said Peter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Hamilton, "and that is the reason why the lower part of the city is not so regularly laid out as the upper part. The governor wanted some of the families to live on Long Island, but they objected."

"Why, father?"

"Because there was no ferry then!" said Walter, guessing the reason.

"He promised to give them a ferry when twenty-five families would live there. That was not the reason."

"What was it?" asked Peter.

"How soon did they go there to live?" said Walter.

"I will answer one question at a time, if you please. In the first place, they refused to go to Long Island, because it was so far in the country!"

"That is a good joke. Brooklyn is such a large city. It is quite like New York now. It has a fine Park, that is expected to be handsomer than Central Park."

"Expected to be, Peter?"

"Well, the view is so beautiful there, it is called Prospect Park, and the old trees are so handsome now that it must be a fine place."

"I thought it looked very bare the day I rode through it," said Walter.

"When did you go?" replied Peter, in surprise.



"I went to hear Mr. Beecher preach last Sunday; it was very warm, and the church was so full that people waited in the entry until the congregation was seated, and then went in and found small seats hanging on the pew doors, that unfolded like a pocket-knife, and filled the aisle. One on each door made two seats in each aisle, and completely filled the church, which was full enough before to hear a famous preacher."

"How did you go to the Park?"

"I took the wrong car, and went on and on, until I saw this barren-looking spot that they called the Park — then I jumped out and took the next car home."

"A pleasant excursion for a warm Sunday, Walter!"

"I took the Greenwood car, and came to the ferry: it was cool enough on the water. How soon did they have that ferry, father?"

"It was two years before they had a ferry there, and a court and a clergyman."

"When was it?"

"In 1660. But you do not care about it. Perhaps I will tell you something about the Dutch farms, which were called Boweries in those days."

"Some other day, if you will, father, because we are busy now seeing the shops, and I want to buy something pretty for Mary."

"Very well; but you must not be late at dinner, as usual, Peter."

"O, no, sir! I will promise to come home," said Peter; and he kept his word. But Walter lost his way; he "got *turned round*," as he said, and went down the street when he thought he was going up, and was very nearly lost; as you would be, perhaps, if you were here with us. Your little head would be quite turned with the noise and confusion.

I can hear, at this moment, a man playing on a violin, and a boy singing to it and striking a tambourine; two pianos at once playing different tunes, and a third with a lady singing at the same time; besides the ragman with his cart, on which are suspended several bells. To add to this strange medley that is meant for music, a few boys, with shouts, small cannon, and torpedoes, add to the fun, while the cats and dogs make a natural bass to all this noise, which we call only the city, and think is *very quiet* — for New York.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE MANHATTOS. — WAMPUM. — HENRY HUDSON.  
WEST POINT.

"TELL us something about the island where the city was built — will you, mother?" said Peter, coming round to that side of the table where his mother was seated, in the evening. "And tell us all about the discovery of the Hudson River."

"Mother has been telling us a nice story," cried Tom, "where all the children were changed into animals. Could anybody be changed into a little pig, really? Because, if they could, I know a fellow just fit for it."

"Tom, what are you talking about?" exclaimed Peter.

"I suppose it is all my fault," said poor Mrs. Hamilton, "for I only told him a little story to amuse him a minute, and he thinks it is all true."

"Well, I know Peter would be the donkey if it did come true," answered Tom, persistently.

"Why, Tom?" asked Peter, not liking the compliment.

"Because he is a key that will not turn!" shouted Tom, in glee. "And Walter —"

"Walter is a chicken, because he is so nice about his food. It was only a story that mamma has been telling us. The children were naughty, so they were punished."

"Every one was changed into the animal whose nature he most resembled. I mean, whose faults inclined him to be like the animal."

"Am I like a donkey?" said Peter, indignantly.

"Ah, well, you like to have your own way, my son," she gently replied. "It was only Tom's conundrum."

"And does not every one, mamma?"

Mrs. Hamilton could not deny this. It required too much energy to argue with Peter, when he was determined to carry his point, and he was right here, certainly. So she yielded gracefully, and assented to his plan of hearing a little about the Hudson River, if she "knew anything about it," as he said, coolly.

"If I know anything about it?" she replied, gently; "of course I do, for I was born on the shores of the Hudson, at your uncle's place, Peter, where we are going in a few days."

"Then you can tell me why it is sometimes called the North River."

"Because it is at the north, of course."

"I did not believe she knew much about it," thought Peter.

"Two hundred and fifty years ago, my dear," continued his mother, "this island was uninhabited by white men."

"What island, mamma?" asked Tom, still adrift on the North River.

"Hush, Tom! Manhattan, of course. If you interrupt her, she will forget it all."

"No, Peter, I shall never forget hearing that the Indians formerly lived here, and that they, in their birch canoes, were the early navigators of the bay where we entered. The upper part of the island was rocky and filled with forest trees, and the lower was covered with grass and flowers."

"Did anything ever grow there that the Indians could live upon? — because there is nothing left now growing wild."

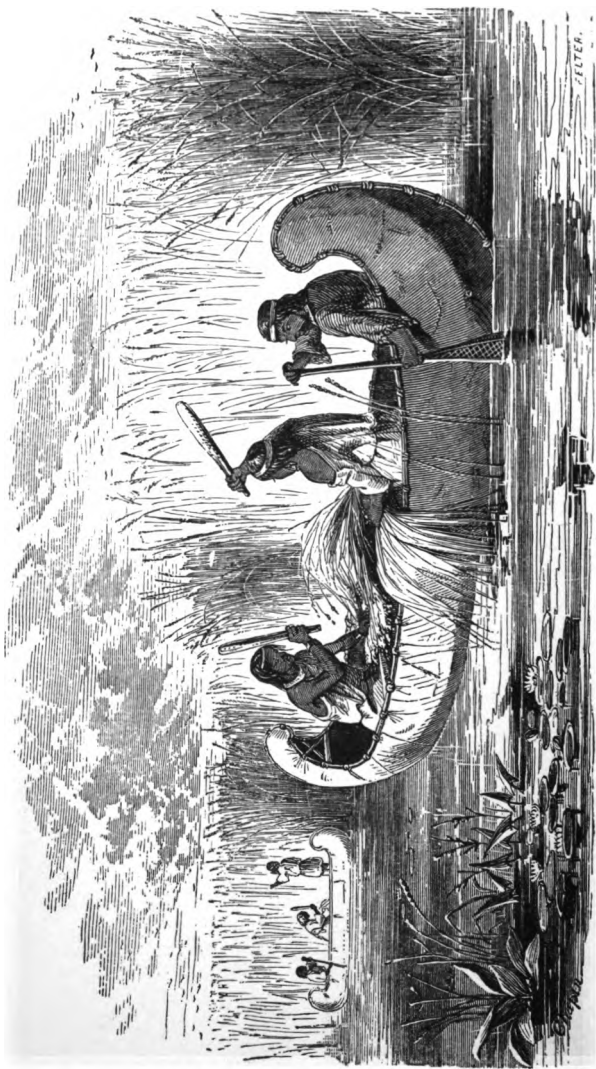
"Yes: wild grapes were found on the edge of the woods, and wild strawberries in the fields," she replied, smiling.

"And did not they have any nuts and acorns?" asked Tom, with interest. "I always thought the Indians lived on wild acorns."

"Yes, plenty of nuts and acorns, Tom, and plenty of game in the woods."

"O, yes! I forgot about the birds and squirrels."





INDIANS ON THE NORTH RIVER.

"And the fish, Tom," said Peter.

"O, yes, and the fishes too! If they had plenty of birds, and rabbits, and fish to live upon, I suppose they were very happy, and did not want anything nicer."

"I think they were contented, but they were said to be more ferocious than the Indians on the shores opposite the island."

"Did they have any houses to live in?" asked Tom.

"Do Indians live in houses?" said Peter, scornfully.

"I don't know," replied Tom; "they must live *somewhere*," he answered, stoutly.

"That is right, Tom; they lived in huts, made by twisting the stems of young trees together, and tying them at the top, and thatching them with strips of bark."

"Did they have any windows?"

"How foolish, Tom; what a question!"

"Let my mother answer," he persisted.

"No, Tom, they had neither floors nor windows, nor even chimneys, in their houses."

"How could they live in them?" said Mary.

"They had a hole in the roof to let out the smoke," replied her mother.

"Is not that a chimney?" exclaimed Tom; "what else is a chimney for?"



"And they had a green bough to close the entrance, Tom. Is not that a door? you will say."

"It is a very pretty one, but it was not very strong."

"How many Indians lived in one house at that time, mamma?" inquired Mary.

"You will be surprised to hear that sometimes as many as twenty or thirty families lived together, peacefully, in one hut."

"It must have been a very large house, and the trees must have grown very near together," said Tom, soberly.

"Yes; but the woods were dense in those days, and the Indian villages were only clusters of huts made of woven boughs and of bark."

"How pretty!" said Mary. "How nice, and green, and fresh they must have looked. But they did not have any shops to buy their dresses in. What did they do without any dresses?"

"They wore skins, Mary, and perhaps they did not care for fine dresses," said Peter.

"O, yes, they did. I have seen Indian dresses that were beautifully embroidered."

"I never thought that an Indian would be so foolish as to care for dress," said Peter.

"Ah, yes, Peter. They were just so foolish. The Manhattoes, who inhabited the island, were very fond of it. They painted their faces, and shaved the crown of their heads."

How Peter shouted at this! "The idea, mamma," he cried, "the idea of that proving they were fond of dress! How frightfully they must have looked with their heads shaved!"

"But the ladies paint their faces even now," said Tom, innocently; "for I saw one the other day who was painted; so they keep *that* fashion on the island if the Indians *are* gone away."

"Tom, how can you be so silly?" said Mary, laughing.

But Tom persisted in this idea, and we found it useless to contradict him.

"But there is one great difference, Tom, between the Indians and the New York people," said his mother. "It is the men who were painted in those days, and the women who worked in the fields. They raised Indian corn, pumpkins, beans, and tobacco, carried wood and water, and waited upon the men."

"There is a very great change, certainly, since those days," said old nurse, who sat in the corner, busy with her work, wisely shaking her head.

"Ah, nurse, are you there? What do you think of that style of living?"

"I only asked if the men were idle in those days?" she answered, sewing vigorously.

"They were obliged to hunt and fish — to search the forest after game."

"And leave their wives at home to cook it," said nurse; "that is right and reasonable."

"But do you think it was right for them to do the work, and to carry wood and water, nurse?"

"Well, I think they ought to hold up their end of the stick."

"Excuse me, but I do not understand you," said Mrs. Hamilton, gently.

"I think they ought to bear their half of the burden, whatever it may be, ma'am. Very possibly you do not understand me, ma'am, for I believe it is not the custom now to expect anything from a lady — a real lady."

"You are mistaken, nurse; you are prejudiced. But we will not waste our time, while the children are waiting, in trying to explain a subject they cannot expect to be interested in or to understand."

"Yes, ma'am," said the old woman, dryly.

"Tell us, please, mamma, about the wampum beads; we can understand that," said Tom, roguishly.

"What do you know about wampum beads, Tom?"

"I don't *know*, so I want to hear about them," said little Tom, looking up coaxingly.

"I believe they were small beads, which were made either from the white lining of the conch shell, or from the purple of the muscle shell, which were called *seawant*."

"And which were considered the handsomest?" asked Tom.

"The purple beads were the most valuable, but they were both used as money by the Dutch settlers, when they were trading with the Indians."

"Was that all the money the little Indian girls had when they went out shopping?" asked Mary, pityingly.

"Yes; but the wampum had become the common currency of the settlement."

"Do you mean that the white people used wampum beads, too, instead of money, when they wanted to buy anything?"

"Yes."

"Was not that nice?" she exclaimed.

"Why, Mary?"

"Because the little Indian girls and boys could run about and pick up shells on their island, and carry them home and ask their fathers to make them into beads, and then they would have a lot of money. It must be nice to run out and pick up money on the beach."

"Is it not more easy to ask your father for it, as you do, Mary?" said old nurse, quietly.

"But not so nice as to find it," answered Mary.

"If it were so plenty as that, it would be of little value, Mary. That is the trouble. If gold were as easily found, and as plentiful as silver, it

would be of no greater value than silver. The purple beads were worth more than the white ones, because they were rare and much more difficult to find."

"O, dear! I did not think of that," said Mary, rather disappointed.

"The worst of it was that porcelain beads were sent from Europe, and imitations of wampum."

"But who were those white people that used the wampum beads, and lived among the Indians?" asked Peter.

"The early Dutch settlers. They were obliged to follow some of the Indian customs; they found it convenient to do so. They learned to eat hominy and succotash, and were glad to buy the fish and game which the Indians brought to them."

"And to buy the tobacco which the Indians used in their long pipes," said Peter, "for you said they raised tobacco. And that is why they smoke so much," he cried, delighted at having made a discovery.

"It is not raised here now, I believe, but the farmers in New England are learning to cultivate it. The Indians taught many things to the Dutchmen who came to live among them; and they in return taught the poor Indian many things that he never would have learned but for them."

"Love of wine and love of money, I suppose

you mean, ma'am," said old nurse. "The Indian was but a child at the side of the white man."

"Yes, nothing but a child, and the foolish settlers forgot that, and were angry, because one day an Indian chief took down a tin plate bearing the arms of Holland, which had been fastened to a tree to show the sovereignty of that nation over the people here."

"What could the Indian want it for?"

"Only to make a tobacco pipe of it. He saw it shine, and thought it would be pretty."

"Poor, simple fellow! Did they punish him for that?"

"Yes; the officer who had charge of the place was very angry, and so the poor natives thought it would please him if they cut off the right hand of the Indian; they did so, and brought it to him. The Dutch commander was sorry for the mistake, but the Indians were so angry they came in a body and burnt the forts, and destroyed that settlement."

"Did it drive the white men away?"

"No. Some of the other settlements prospered."

"How did the white men ever get the right to live upon the island?" asked Mary.

"They never wait to ask that question, I believe," replied Peter.

"But in this case they did, and the Dutchmen bought the whole island for twenty-four dollars."

"Twenty-four dollars!" said Tom. "Then my money-box could buy one — if they have any more to sell."

"How large was it?" said the more prudent Peter, secretly wondering whether there was any land for *him* to purchase.

"It was about fifteen miles long, and perhaps two miles wide."

"But how many acres were there in it?"

"I think about twenty-two thousand. I heard Mr. Hamilton say so the other evening."

"O, what a big island!" said Tom. "I should not want it."

"It is very fortunate, Tom, for you might as well wish for the moon. How you used to cry for the moon!" said Mary.

"I never did, Mary!" exclaimed Tom, with a red face.

"O, yes, Tom!" she said, laughing and shaking her light curls.

But Mrs. Hamilton went on with the story that the word moon suggested, never heeding the children disputing.

"That reminds me," she said, "of the Dutch vessel, Half Moon, or Halve Mane, that Henry Hudson sailed up the Groot River in."

"Was he a Dutchman, mamma? He said *Groot River*."

"No, he was an Englishman in the service of the Dutch. They sent him out to discover a passage to China through the Polar Seas, and told him not to discover anything else."

"That was funny! But he did not mind what they told him, if he found the Hudson River, for it bears his name," said Peter.

"It was accidental, and so most great discoveries are. He left Texel in April, 1609, and came to the banks of Newfoundland in July; he had a stormy passage, and lost the foremast of his vessel, and he stopped for repairs at Penobscot Bay. Then he went down to Chesapeake Bay, and landed at Cape Cod, which he called New Holland; he thought it was an island."

"That was a funny mistake; but perhaps he was afraid to look about much, because they told him not to discover anything else," said Mary, innocently.

"He was afraid of losing time, and he came back directly to Delaware Bay; but he found it difficult to find his way there, and so he put out to sea again."

"Did he mean to go home?"

"O, no. He landed soon again. At Sandy Hook he sent a boat out before him to find the way, and it anchored at Coney Island."

"Did the Indians live there? and what did they say to him?"



"They came on board the vessel, and brought corn, vegetables, and tobacco for the sailors."

"Now, ma'am," said old nurse, "you have just told me how the white men first came here, and I have been wondering all this time if they started up like mushrooms, or if the Indians gradually grew white."

"I thought you knew *that*, nurse. I thought you were here when we talked of it before."

"You forget, ma'am, how little we know about history, and Indians, and such things, till you tell us, and then we'll try to remember it — won't we, Tom?"

"O, yes," answered Tom, indifferently. "But did Henry Hudson treat the Indians well?"

"Yes, Tom, he treated them very kindly, and gave them shoes and stockings, and knives and axes."

"Shoes and stockings were a funny gift to wild Indians. Did they wear them?" asked Mary, laughing.

"Yes, but not as you think."

"How could they wear them in any other way than on their feet?" asked Tom, secretly meaning to try the new fashion if there were one.

"They hung the shoes around their necks for necklaces."

"But the stockings!" said Tom, laughing. "How did they wear them?"

"They used the stockings for bags, and kept their tobacco in them," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"What funny people!" exclaimed Mary.

"They hung the axes around their necks, too, Tom. What a heavy *ornament* that would make! Imagine a real axe for a charm, Mary, like the little one on my watch chain," said her mother, pointing to it.

Mary looked at the little axe, and at the watch too, and found it nearly bed-time, but kept very still about it, for Peter was asking, —

"How long did Hudson wait among the Indians? and when did he find the river?"

"He waited a week there. But he sent his men with the boat to see what they could find, and how deep the water was; they passed through the Narrows, and came in sight of this beautiful island, which was called Manhattan, from this tribe of Indians. Then they passed between Staten Island and Bergen Point, and went six miles up the river to Newark Bay."

"Just where we are going, mamma — through the kills. Have they any little steamer there now called the Kill van Kull? 'tis the old Dutch name, my father says."

"But I want to know whether the Indians liked to see the white men intruding on them, and taking away their hunting-grounds," said Peter.

"I only know that the white men were attacked by the Indians, and that an English sailor was killed," replied his mother.

"But I thought they were Dutchmen who came here first, mamma."

"The vessel was manned by Dutch and by some English sailors, but they were all sent here by a Dutch company."

"But do people really believe that the Indians, who were so kind, and who sent provisions and presents to the sailors, would have hurt them if they had not been first provoked?"

"No; we think the sailors were to blame. But Hudson was very angry with the Indians, because the man who was killed was John Colman, his best friend, and he always distrusted them ever after."

"Did he like them at first? I like the Indians so much," said Mary.

"Yes; he was inclined to treat them kindly; but he distrusted them after this, and he remained only one day among the Manhattoes, and sailed up the beautiful Hudson, that now bears his name. He called it the Groot River, which is not a nice name at all, compared to the pretty Indian names it had previously borne. There was nothing to be seen as they sailed up the beautiful river but occasionally a wigwam nestled among the trees, or a birch

bark canoe, gliding through the shadows on the river. The wild deer glanced at them, and darted into the thicket; and the startled birds flew to the distant forests with the story."

"How far did they sail before they went on shore?" asked Peter.

"They came to a broad open space in the river, and then they went on shore, where the Indians came to meet them, and treated them with the best repast they had to offer."

"What would they call a nice dinner?"

"They gave them their greatest delicacy — a fat dog — to eat."

"How could they get his fur off?" asked Tom.

"How disagreeable!" exclaimed Mary, with a shudder.

"It was skinned with shells," answered his mother.

"That was nice," said Tom.

"Nice!" said Mary, contemptuously.

"It was very ingenious, certainly, in the poor Indians," replied her mother.

"Is that all they had to give them — only a piece of a roasted dog?" asked Tom, in contempt.

"No; they gave them Indian corn, and game which they had caught in the woods."

"Did the Indians want them to stay and live with them?"

"Perhaps they did; for when Hudson turned away to go back to his boat, they thought he was afraid of them, and they took their bows and arrows and broke them in pieces, and threw the broken bits into the fire."

"How sweet and gentle that was!" said Mary.

"What did they do that for?" asked Tom, in surprise.

"Why, that was to say, 'We will not hurt you. We haven't any bows and arrows to shoot you with.'"

"How pretty and polite that was for the Indians!" said Tom.

"I don't believe any gentleman could say it any better, in the finest speech, than the poor Indian did, without any language. Do you believe they could?" said Peter.

"I quite agree with you, Peter."

"Where is that open space in the river where they went on shore? What is it called now?"

"It is the flourishing city named Hudson."

"O, dear! Hudson City. Of course it is named for Henry Hudson."

"What were those Indian names, mamma, that you said the beautiful river bore?"

"There were many very pretty ones; the Cahohatatea, the Shatemuc, the Mohican, and many others."

"But I don't think those names are pretty at all, mamma. But I think you like the history of the Indians best, for you never knew or cared about the places in Europe."

"That is because I heard about them and loved them when I was a child, so I can never forget them, Peter. They are like home names to me."

"No Indians in your family, I hope, ma'am!" exclaimed nurse, looking at her with keen eyes over her glasses, amazed at the newly awakened interest of her mistress.

Mrs. Hamilton laughed heartily at this, but the children only cried more eagerly, —

"Go on! Do go on! Tell us something more, mamma."

"What shall I tell you?" she asked, carelessly.

"About Henry Hudson, of course. What became of him?" exclaimed Peter. "Did he live or die among the Indians?"

"O, no! He returned to Europe, and soon afterwards was sent out again by a London company. The Dutch refused to try again to discover the North-west passage."

"Where did the London company send him?"

"He went as far as the Northern Sea, and sailed through Hudson Straits, and found himself in Hudson Bay, without any way of getting out of this great sea again."

"Was it named for him?"

"Yes, Peter; if you will bring the map we can see where he was."

"Did he stay there in that desolate region?" said Tom, who was carefully tracing the course of the vessel with his chubby finger, as I hope you will do.

"Yes, he staid there forever."

"How could that be?"

"After a winter of great suffering and privation, he set out with a mutinous crew to return."

"What does that mean? What did they do?" asked Tom.

"The men were tired and worn out; they refused to obey his orders, and set Hudson adrift in an open boat, with his son and a few sailors, and left him to perish with cold and hunger."

"Was he never heard from? Is that the last of him?"

"Yes; he may have been crushed among the pieces of floating ice, or have been starved to death. But he was never heard from."

"He will not be forgotten," said Mary, "for Hudson's Bay and Hudson River —"

"Hudson's Straits and Hudson City," added Peter, "will always keep his name from being forgotten."

"Tell us about the Hudson River, mamma.

Who lives upon it now? Are the Indians all gone?"

"Yes, the Indians are gone, but the beautiful river is as lovely as ever. Magnificent views still adorn its shores. Handsome villas are dotted about where the Indian wigwams clustered. And the rapid river steamers puff their hot breath in the fragrant air, where the dusky Indian girl lazily floated through the leafy shadows in her birch canoe."

"I wish I could have seen the Indians there," said Tom; "and I wonder if Henry Hudson never went any farther up the river than to Hudson town."

"To Hudson City, my dear," said his mother. "He did go as far as Albany in his boat, after he had left his large vessel at Hudson."

"I should think they would be very proud of their river, mamma, and think it very important."

"When this country was besieged by the British, then the importance of these heights on the Hudson was spoken of by one of the generals."

"What did they do about it?"

"Early in the Revolution a fort was built, called Fort Constitution, on one side of the river, and very soon after, in 1778, a strong fortification was built on the other side, called Fort Clinton."

"That would keep the enemy from entering the river!" exclaimed Walter.



"They were not so sure of it as you are, Walter, and so they stretched a great iron chain across the water, between the two forts, to prevent the English vessels from coming in; and besides, to be *very* sure, they built Fort Putnam in the rear, on the top of Mount Independence, five hundred feet above the level plain."

"They could not get in then, with Fort Clinton there, and Fort Putnam behind it."

"No; but it came very near being given into the hands of the British by Arnold, the spy. His plot was discovered in time to prevent our losing the place. We could see the ruins of the fort now, if we went to West Point."

"To West Point, mamma? You did not say it was West Point that you were talking of all this time. Was that the important post that was talked about in the war?"

"Yes; did not I say so? I meant that all the time. A Military Academy was founded there in 1802, at Washington's request."

"Why do they call a Military Academy a *Point*?" asked Mary.

"Because it is upon a point, a high promontory, that overlooks the river."

"So when the vessels come in, Mary," said Peter, "they can look right down upon them and fire away."



WEST POINT.



"But you said they could not get in."

"But if they *should* happen to, you know."

"I don't believe they ever will now," said Mary, with perfect coolness and indifference. "How high is the rocky point above the River Hudson?"

"Hudson River, Mary. How stupid girls are!"

"Well, that's no matter," she answered. "We are used to hearing that. But you did not tell me."

"It is about one hundred and fifty feet above the river. It is level, and at the top covered with beautiful green grass, and several handsome stone buildings are built upon it."

"What are the buildings for, if they are not forts?"

"To serve as scientific and military schools for young men who wish to be educated as soldiers. They are very strict in their discipline at this place; some of our best generals in the late war were educated there."

"I don't know about that!" said Peter, shaking his head.

"Of course you do not, my son. I know that very well," Mrs. Hamilton replied, with dignity.

"How she likes to take a fellow down!" exclaimed Peter. "I've heard my father say so, I am sure."

"That is because I want to send Walter there, and he knows my fondness for my old home on the river, it is such a lovely spot."

"But is Walter to be a soldier, mamma? He could not be one."

"Ah! perhaps he might."

"It is an old rule, of putting the wrong man into the wrong place. Peter is the soldier, ma'am. How can they make such a mistake?" she muttered. "Poor, timid Walter!"

"I suppose the Hudson River is as beautiful as ever, mamma," exclaimed Mary.

"It is very different now, my dear."

"I guess it is," said Peter. "The only waterfalls now are on ladies' heads, and the only painted faces are to be seen on Broadway; eh, Tom?"

Tom looked up. "Well, if that is not an Indian custom," he exclaimed, "I don't know what it is, and where it came from!"

We secretly believe Tom is right, but we dare not venture to say so, except just in your ear; and as even Henry Hudson rested when he discovered the Hudson River, so we must stop and rest too, but not without telling a pleasant story that we have lately heard about the Hudson. It is that the fairies were once seen by one of the poets — who have wonderful eyes — dancing on the banks of the

river. As fairies are almost unknown in this country, we think St. Nicholas must have had something to do with it, and that New York is well taken care of by the little man.

## CHAPTER V.

THE SLAVES IN WALL STREET. — THE PATROONS.  
LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH.

"TELL us," said Peter, as Tom walked away, "tell us how they looked in those days, and what they did."

"They were droll looking people, certainly. The burghers wore long-waisted coats, almost reaching down to their ankles, and enormous pockets, that were ornamented with big silver buttons."

"Did not I hear that they wore twenty pairs of breeches at a time?" inquired Peter, gravely.

"O, Peter, what nonsense!" exclaimed his mother. "You never *can* be serious."

"And why should I be, mamma? There is nothing to be serious about; but then it was a serious matter to the Dutchmen."

"Well, Peter, you are right in laughing at that custom, for it was one of the old customs. In the Dutch pictures you can see the enormous size of the men, with their hands in their capacious pockets, and their low-crowned hats on their heads, and their silver shoe-buckles and buttons."

"What sort of nonsense are you telling, Peter? That they wore twenty pairs of breeches at once! Did you notice what he said?"

"O, dear, no! I did not mind. He is too full of fun to care about what I say. It was only the fact of their wearing several pairs at once that I mentioned."

"What did the women wear?" inquired Mary.

"The women were very industrious — spinning and weaving their cloth. Every house had five or six spinning-wheels, that were kept constantly busy. The piles of linen, which lasted for years, proved their industry and showed their wealth. They lived very simply, and made no display. On Sunday they drove to the Church of St. Nicholas, and left their wagons on Bowling Green, and turned their horses out to graze, while they listened to the sermon."

"Economical of time, and of hay, father," said Peter.

"Did not they wear their bonnets when they went to church, papa? I heard they did not wear any at all," inquired Mary, earnestly.

"No; they brushed their hair back from their faces, and covered it with a close cap of muslin, or linen, and over that they wore a quilted hood."

"What kind of dresses did they have? Did they wear twenty at a time, as the men did?"



"Now hear that, Mr. Hamilton! She will always believe that!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, petulantly.

"No, Mary, not quite," he added. "But they wore a great many short petticoats, of every color. The pride of a Dutch maiden was her beautifully embroidered petticoats. Sometimes they had twenty of them. As they always embroidered the petticoats themselves, it showed their taste as well as their industry; and being made of handsome silk or satin, they were valuable, and often that was the only dowry a young girl had on her marriage. They wore bright-colored stockings, either red, blue, or green, and high-heeled shoes."

"Then it is just the same fashion now! Look at the balmoral stockings, and scarlet petticoats, that have been in fashion so long. So it is only the Dutch custom, then. Do you suppose they were all Dutch girls that we saw, mamma?" said Mary, eagerly.

"O, dear, no! You should see a picture of one in the short petticoat, with a string of gold beads around her neck, and with her Bible and hymn-book hanging from a chain on her belt, as an ornament, on Sunday."

"Were they very strict about Sunday?"

"Yes; during the service, while the horses were grazing on Bowling Green, and the people praying,

silence was kept throughout the colony; but the rest of the day was given to the Indians and negroes for simple recreation and enjoyment."

"Where did the negroes come from? Did they keep slaves?" exclaimed Mary, in some horror, and in amazement at the simple Dutchmen.

"In the early days of the colony some slaves were brought here, and afterwards the English and Dutch governments both encouraged slavery and the importation of slaves. Some of the first merchants were engaged in the traffic, and when there were ten thousand people in the city, one fifth of these were slaves. There was a market-place where they sold slaves at the foot of Wall Street."

"I think that is dreadful. I would not have come here," said Mary.

"But it was a 'very mild form of slavery,' I have heard," replied Mrs. Hamilton, in her gentle way.

"The negroes would not probably say that, for they were not allowed to congregate together in groups, to talk or play, for the people knew how powerful they were in numbers."

"How different it is now!" exclaimed Peter. "What magnificent regiments of colored men we saw, with their bands of music, going through Broadway! They are very powerful now, but people are not afraid of them."

"Not in that way, certainly, Peter, because they are our friends."

"But the rebels were afraid of them," said Tom.

"When the slaves were ill-treated, they were suspected of forming a plot to revenge themselves upon their masters. This was called the Negro Plot, and many of the poor negroes were hung or burnt, because they were so foolish as to confess that they had formed this plot; but it was not so. Their confession was afterwards proved to be a forced one, like that of the Salem witches."

"What do you mean by that?"

"When they were about to hang the witches, they confessed (with the hope of saving their lives) that they had run pins into women, and frightened children, which they certainly had never done."

"But what had that to do with the negroes?"

"The negroes falsely stated that they had formed a plot to kill their masters, and to burn the town. Although many of them were hanged, no plot was ever *proved* to have been formed."

"What could have induced them to tell such a falsehood?"

"The promise of having their freedom, and being safe, caused them to betray their friends."

"And to hang them, instead of being hanged themselves?" inquired Peter.

"That is the truth of the matter, Peter."

"Well, that's nice!" he said, sarcastically, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Then they confessed that there was a conspiracy, when they had never heard of one?"

"Yes; so it has been proved."

"And they were frightened into confessing something which had never happened?"

"Yes, I believe so," said their father.

"Then that is the only way that they resembled the famous witches in Salem," said Mrs. Hamilton, "for they were obliged to confess or be hanged."

"Yes; if the Salem witches were thrown into the water and did not drown, then they were hanged, because, you know, only a witch could float in deep water."

"Poor ignorant creatures!" said Mary. "Is that really true, mamma?"

"I have heard so, and now we find sensible people in New York who like to ask little Planchette a question, and see if it will write an answer. Is not a wooden witch more astonishing than a living one would be?"

Mary had been busy with her new plaything that Peter had bought in the morning, and patted it kindly, as if she and Planchette had a good understanding.

"My little Planchette is not a witch, mamma; but when the boys are away, and I am lonely, it is nice to make it write," she said, blushing.

"Very well, if you prefer it to a doll; but you are the one who write, Mary. Don't fancy there are witches any longer in the world."

"But it won't write for Peter; it likes me best," she said.

"Don't be silly, Mary, like 'the poor creatures' whom you pity for believing in witches. Table-moving was even then in fashion, during the time of the witches."

"Were there many negroes killed?" Mary asked, to change the subject from her pretty Planchette, which she only liked as a new plaything, and would be sorry to relinquish.

"In less than four months, one hundred and fifty-four negroes were thrown into prison, and fourteen of them were burnt at the stake."

"How terrible!"

"Some were hanged, and seventy-one transported, and the rest discharged for want of proof that they had done anything wrong."

"The foolishness of believing that a few poor negroes would try to burn the city led to this painful punishment. At last the excitement was over, and a day of thanksgiving was kept by the people, who were grateful for their escape from destruction."

"If they had had so many good books, and free libraries, and lecture-rooms as they have now, they

would not have been so mistaken and so ignorant."

"It seems strange to me," said old nurse, who had been listening, while waiting for Mary, "it seems strange that they should kill them all off, when they had so much trouble to bring them here, and when the colony was so scantily settled. The Indians were driven away, who were the first inhabitants, and the slaves were brought here. I cannot understand it."

"You need not try to understand it, but tell Mary a story before she goes to bed, for this is not a pleasant subject to dream upon."

So old nurse told Mary a story, to make her forget the poor negroes.

#### LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"Once upon a time, two wrestlers were struggling in combat together. Though the battle endured long, the victory was doubtful. At last one of the combatants felt that his strength was failing, and he dreaded the mortification of being conquered before a crowd of spectators. He quickly decided what to do. He bent and kissed the hand of his adversary; he kissed him upon both hands, and the strength and fury of the man was softened.

He was subdued at once, and the battle was decided in favor of the other man."

"So gentleness will conquer, where brute force must yield," said old nurse, as she tucked Mary up in her little bed, and left her to dream peacefully of the poor slaves, who only needed kind treatment to be faithful friends.

"It is odd that she should notice it, but there was a curious law among the records of 1678," said Mr. Hamilton. "The Indians—who had been considered free before that time, even if their lands were bought for a mere trifle—the Indians themselves, who were brought into the province for the next six months, were ordered to be sold as slaves."

"Why did they pass that wicked law?"

"Because they had so few slaves, though every family owned from one to twelve slaves; the settlement increased rapidly, and more were needed."

"Were they afraid of them, when they were kept so strictly that they were not allowed to go out after dark, or leave their masters' houses without a pass?" inquired Peter.

"Yes; and yet all these precautions could not prevent the dreadful event—the burning and hanging of the poor slaves for what they never intended to do!"

"It was a cruel, wicked thing! I never heard before that they had slaves in New York."

"Nor I," said Walter; "but it is the worst thing I ever heard about it. It has some noble charities now, and no slaves."

"They need not have burnt them up," said Tom. "That is no way to get rid of them."

"*They* would have said that it was in self-defence, and have found their excuse in that."

"I want to hear all about the Dutch settlers. I am tired of the slaves," said Tom.

"The Dutch settlers really did not mean to live here at first, but the English were claiming all the country, and the Dutch found it important to keep them away. So they built a fort called Fort Amsterdam, after they had bought the island Manhattan of the Indians. This was the first settlement."

"I wonder why they were willing to live in such a new country?" said Walter. "But Peter would like the novelty. Would not you, Peter?"

Peter agreed that he should. "But who were the settlers?" he asked. "Henry Hudson had died, you say."

"It was the West India Company who sent them. They gave many privileges, and offers of land to the people, if they would come."

"Who were the patroons, for I heard of the death of the last patroon? What could it be? Was he the governor?"

"The West India Company granted to any mem-



ber of it who would found a colony of fifty persons (they must all be more than fifteen years old) this title of patroon."

"Is that all — a title?"

"And," shaking his head at Peter, "the privilege of choosing a strip of land sixteen miles wide on one side of a navigable river, or eight miles on both sides of the same river, as far inland as they chose to go. It might be anywhere, except on the Island of Manhattan; for they kept the island for themselves."

"So they went to Albany, and that region, I suppose — those patroons?"

"Did they pay the Indians for their land?" asked Walter. "That is most important."

"Certainly; they were obliged to do that, and obliged to pay a schoolmaster and a minister."

"What did the Company give the patroons for doing that? They did not even have the land for nothing."

"The Company promised to keep them safe from the English, and from the Indians."

"What else did they give them? That is not much to promise."

"They agreed to supply them with negro servants for a long time."

"That is where the slaves came from!" cried Tom, exultingly. "I wondered how they got in

here. I know how they went out," he said, pityingly.

"They did not disappear all at once, Tom, as you think; but hear about the patroons. They were like tyrannical kings in their time, and gradually claimed so much land that they were complained of. One, after he had had a large share, took Staten Island to himself."

"The whole island — New Brighton, Factoryville, Stapleton, and all the other towns?"

"They were not built then; you forget that. But people grew discontented, and so he had to give it back."

"Were there any other people than the patroons there?"

"Yes; other settlers came at their own expense, and they were allowed to have as much ground as they could cultivate, and were not to be taxed for ten years."

"Could they vote then?" said Walter. He hoped to have that privilege some day, not very far off, and was looking forward to it.

"No, they could not vote."

"Not on their own land?"

"Not even on the land belonging to the patroons, or that of the Company."

"That was being too strict."

"It was worse even than that. I have read they

were not allowed to make any cloth, woollen, linen, or cotton, or to weave anything, under the penalty of a fine."

"Did they agree to that?"

"At first they did. It caused much discontent, and open rebellion at last."

"What land did the West India Company keep for themselves?" inquired Walter.

"Six farms, that were each called a Bowerie, were kept by the Company; but they found the expenses of carrying on the farms were very great, so they preferred to give the patroons the privilege of settling part of the country."

"If the Dutch discovered the country," said Peter, "I should like to know what right the English had to claim it? I can't see it."

"The English said that John Cabot discovered the country, many years before the Dutch came there. And that was true," replied his father.

"But the Dutchmen bought it of the Indians. How could they help *that*? I can't tell," said Peter, shaking his wise head.

"The Englishmen said that the Indians had no right to sell what had never belonged to them."

"How unjust!" exclaimed Peter. "Did they give it up then? Were they so foolish as that?"

"Not at once; but the English had a civil war at home, and went away to England. However,

they came back afterwards, and claimed possession."

"Why did not they drive them off?"

"Their poor defences against the Indians, a fort and palisades, would not frighten away the stout Englishmen, who came with four hundred and fifty soldiers in four ships."

"Did they *try* to drive them away?" asked Peter.

"Yes. At last they fortified the city. But they had not many inhabitants there, and they had very little powder."

"That was unfortunate; but then I wonder they should give up their right to the place," said Peter, who evidently would fight without any hope of success.

"I will tell you the secret, Peter. Many of these people were Englishmen, and they longed to be under the King of England and his rule once more."

"I thought they were all Dutch! What did the Dutchmen say to that? They did not like the King of England, I hope, any more than *we Yankees* did," said the boy, grandly.

"The Dutchmen were very weary with the exactions of the patroons. They wanted some change, for the old patroons would not allow them any freedom at all, even in buying and selling their goods."

"It served them right for being so stingy!" cried Peter. "Would not they mind?"

"They refused to obey the Dutch governor, and he was obliged to surrender to the English. He was a brave man, and unwilling to do it."

"What was his name?"

"Peter Stuyvesant. He marched out of the fort — Fort Amsterdam it was called. Then the English flag was hoisted upon it, and the old fort was named Fort James, for the king."

"And the city of New Amsterdam was called New York!" exclaimed Walter.

"I guess we all know that!" said Tom, listening attentively. "But why was it called New York? It is a little, small name."

"I know!" said Walter. "It was because the English king, Charles II., gave it to his brother, the Duke of York."

"O, yes! *New York*. Now I see it. How long we were coming to that. I am sorry New Amsterdam and the Dutchmen had to give it up to the English."

"But they took it away from them again."

"Did they?" exclaimed Peter. "That was nice!"

"But the English took it from the Dutch again," said his father, laughing at Peter's delight over the Dutchmen's success in regaining their property.

"O, I am sorry! But then the Dutchmen will get it again, perhaps."

"Not now, my son."

Peter shook his head, and looked knowing.

"I know what he is thinking about," said Walter. "He was saying yesterday that the Tartars came into China, and the Chinese made real Chinamen of them. So he thinks the foreigners, the Dutchmen, who come here, will make foreign customs suit our people."

"What a funny boy to fancy that! What do you mean, Peter?"

"I think the Dutchmen are getting possession of the city. What a long procession of soldiers marched through the streets yesterday! Did you see the stout, brave, manly troops, and the fine looking generals? They looked like heroes, and if they *are* descended from the Dutch, who first settled this country, they are soldiers to be proud of."

"There were Swiss and Germans, as well as Dutchmen, in the procession," said Walter.

"They were foreigners, and it is wonderful how many New York can welcome to her shores."

"The French Huguenots came here with their industry. Every nation is well represented. Our friends, the Jews, Peter, are plenty in the shops; you can easily see that cast of countenance, and recognize them at once."

"I like New York, because it welcomes all, and makes them feel at home," said Peter.

"And it receives a reward in return from them, by the wonderful skill and learning that the strangers bring to the city," replied his father.

"It finds room and work for all," added Peter.

"And homes for them when they cannot work," said Walter.

"And schools to teach them, if they have the wit to learn. New York is the home for every one who needs work, or wants a home," said Mr. Hamilton.

"The garden concerts, where every man has his pipe and his glass, remind us of those old Dutch settlers," said Walter; "for the smoke was so thick we could hardly breathe, and the German beer-gardens were well imitated there. The Dutch and Germans *are* coming back to the city, and influencing it again, *I* think."

"*You* think, Walter; but you are not a good judge, because you look on as a stranger and a boy; you, and Peter too."

Walter did not reply. He shook his head, and walked off. The wisdom of youth is wiser than that of age.

"The Dutch *did* get it away from the English once, and called it Fort Hendrickson, but the English kept it at last. Our people were called the English then; but since we defeated their king in the Revolution, we are *Americans!*" said Peter to Tom, loftily.

## CHAPTER VI.

BOWLING GREEN. — BATTERY. — CITY HALL.

**W**HEN we came to the foot of Broadway, it seemed to terminate in a small park, with an iron railing round it.

"What is this little old common for?" said Peter. "It is not large enough for anything but a croquet ground, or a cricket match."

"That is what it was used for before the Revolution. The iron fence was placed there before that time. It was called the Bowling Green, because the officers of the garrison of Fort George passed their leisure time in bowling there."

"It is not a very handsome fence, father. You say it was placed there before the Revolution, and it looks as if it had had some hard knocks in it."

"You are quite right there, Peter; the round heads of the posts were broken off during the war, and used for cannon balls."

"Was there a big fountain in the middle in those days, father? I wonder they should care to have a fountain."

"No; that fountain was not there. There was



formerly a statue of George the Third in the centre of the place — in 1770."

"What became of it then? The statue could not run away," said Tom.

"No, indeed! but the Englishmen, King George's subjects, could!" exclaimed Peter, gleefully.

"How did you know it was the statue of the king of England, Peter?" asked little Tom, in awe at Peter's wisdom.

"Don't you know we never had a king here in this country; but we did have one in England before our people came over here, and so I guessed it was the statue of the English king."

"It did not require much wisdom for that, especially as we know it was before the Revolutionary War," said Walter. "But what became of it?"

"The Americans, who were tired of being under the control of the king of England, and were fighting to be free, pulled the statue down, and run it into bullets, the night after the Declaration of Independence."

"He little thought what use they would make of him when he stood there so grandly. But he could not have been very handsome, if he was only made of lead," replied Peter, contemptuously.

"It was covered with gilding, Peter."

"That is a different thing! I should like to see him stand here if he was shining gold."

"I should not," said Tom. "He would only be like one of my leaden soldiers: they have a gilded uniform and scarlet coat. He was only a leaden soldier, and had to be melted, too, just like mine."

"You need not melt yours so often, Tom. You are always dropping them into the fire."

"Well, a soldier ought to stand fire!" said Tom, laughing mischievously.

"Tom evidently has no respect for the king or the soldier," replied his father, pleasantly.

"Not the leaden ones, father. But I like these old trees and the fountain better than the statue of a king. We should not have a statue of a king *here*."

"What do you know about it, Tom? You are a little parrot."

"What is this place?" inquired Tom, with perfect indifference as to the remark. He was often called pet names, and was not a parrot a pet bird, he thought?

We had walked along to the Battery, fronting on the bay, where the Hudson River and the East River join together and form the harbor of New York. It is in the form of a half moon, and shaded by trees, and had many gravelled walks.

"But why do they call it a Battery?" exclaimed Peter. "I have looked in vain for any signs of a gun."

"It is on the site of the former battery of Fort George," replied his father. "This flag-staff stands where the British pole stood in the time of the Revolution."

"I always wondered how it had the name of a Battery. It is a beautiful walk along the sea-wall, and we can see the shipping and those islands. What are those, father, that I see in the distance?"

"You can distinguish the shores of Long Island and New Jersey," said his father, and they walked along to a large circular building. "This old building is called Castle Garden," he said; "it is where they used to have public meetings and exhibitions, and a theatre. It would hold ten thousand persons, and was a fine building."

"It looks now something like a foreign place, with the stands in the street all about it, as they are in Russia, with people buying and selling. What is that enormous sign, with large letters, on the front of the building?"

"'Emigrant's Landing.' Don't you see the emigrants coming in?"

"There is a young girl now in green, lifting a sea-chest, that I know an American girl could not raise from the ground. How many emigrants there are here!"

"The emigrants come here for employment after they land, and can wait here until they find homes."

They are often sent to good places before they even enter the city."

"I see the sign that looks foreign, too: 'Eingang nur für Emigranten.' 'Arbeit bureau,' or employment office. 'Entrance for emigrants only.' That is a good arrangement for the city."

"And for the emigrants, who would not know where to go."

"It is only for those who have no friends in this country," said an Irish woman, at a stand, selling lemonade. She felt far above those emigrants.

"There is even ice cream in these miserable little stands," said Tom.

"Ice cream! won't you have some?" cried a boy.

"No, it is *too hot!*" said Tom, in his hurry.

"How the laborers enjoy a nooning under these trees! and many people come here in the evening to feel the fresh breezes from the ocean, forlorn looking place as it is."

"The salt breezes from the ocean, you mean!" exclaimed Peter. "But I should think Central Park was the place for them to go."

"It is so far, there is not much time for people at this end of the city to go there and return before dark."

"I don't care so much about the people as I do to hear about the leaden soldier, who was melted

into bullets at the time of the war. I wonder how many bullets he made?" said Tom, gravely.

"What a funny idea!" said Walter.

"I can tell you," replied Mr. Hamilton. "When the people were so angry about the tea tax, the statue of the leaden horse and rider was thrown down, and dragged about the streets. Then it was cut into pieces, and sent to the governor of Connecticut, whose wife and daughters melted it into bullets, and sent word to the men to come and get as many as they wanted."

"But how many bullets did he make?" inquired Tom, eagerly.

"They must have taken great pains to count them, so I can tell you. Forty-two thousand bullets were made from the statue."

"Forty-two thousand!" exclaimed Tom. "What a big king he was!"

"How did the English people like their treating the king so rudely? I wonder they allowed it."

"They did not fancy it at all. And when the English afterwards got possession of the city, they revenged themselves by injuring a statue that the Americans had erected in honor of William Pitt, for his services in repealing the Stamp Act."

"What did they do to the statue? Where was it?" asked Peter.

"It was placed in Wall Street in 1770. It was

a marble statue, and in 1775 the British soldiers knocked off its head and one arm. It stood there in that form until after the British had evacuated the city, and then it was carried away."

"Who was he? Why did they give him a statue? Was he anything great?" asked Tom.

"He was called the champion of America, and the statue was 'a public testimony of the grateful sense the colony of New York retains of the many eminent services he rendered to America, especially in the repeal of the Stamp Act.' At least that was the inscription on the statue."

"On the statue, father?"

"On the pedestal of the statue. It did not remain there long. It was removed after the close of the war."

"Tell us something about the war."

"Washington came here after he had driven the British troops from Boston."

"Came *here to live*! Where did he stay?"

"At Richmond Hill, which is now the corner of Charlton and Varick Streets."

"How funny it seems! Where did the rest live?"

"General Putnam, who had been left in sole command of the city, lived at No. 1 Broadway."

"I never thought of there being any Number One," said Tom. "I have counted hundreds of

numbers, and here is little Number One, the most important of all."

"As you grow older, Tom, you will find number one must be looked out for, and that it is the most important number in the crowd," laughed out Peter, shaking little Tom by the shoulder.

"What are you telling him, Peter?"

"What every man knows, papa."

"There is time enough to learn selfishness, Peter. You need not trouble yourself about that."

"O, no!" he said, coolly. "Tell us more about the Revolutionary War."

"I have already told you that Washington arrived on the 14th of April, and that the colonies had begun to think of separating from England. The subject was introduced into Congress on the 7th of June, 1776, and a resolution was offered, which was adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, and so the colonies of Great Britain were at once changed into the United States of America."

"What did the people do then?"

"The news was heard with delight. Brigades of soldiers were ordered to meet on the Common, to hear the news read. When the time came, they ranged themselves in a hollow square, and just where the Park fountain is, Washington and his aids sat on horseback, listening to the Declaration of Independence, read for the first time."

"O-o, how I wish I had been there!" shouted Peter.

"What did the people say?" exclaimed Walter.

"They gave shouts of joy, and hurraed as loudly as you have ever heard them since. Then they rushed to the City Hall, and destroyed the picture of King George. They tore it out of the frame, and stamped upon it with their merciless feet."

"Is that the time they smashed the statue of the king?" asked Walter.

"The poor leaden soldier!" said Tom.

"Yes; they went to the Bowling Green, caught up the statue of King George, and dragged it after them through the streets."

"And it was just as heavy as lead!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes. It was lucky for the Americans, for they had the lead to melt into bullets. Wasn't it funny that the leaden statue of the king made the very bullets that the people used to kill his soldiers with?"

"He deserved it, because he was so naughty, and imposed upon the poor colonists: he taxed them so dreadfully, they could not bear it," said Peter.

"When did the British soldiers come to New York, and how could they get in?" asked Tom.

"They had been driven away from Boston, and now they determined to take New York," said



his father. "So General Howe sailed, and landed at Staten Island, where, a few days afterwards, his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, came from England. There they were joined by the English troops from the South, which made an army of twenty-four thousand of the best drilled English soldiers."

"What did the poor Americans do then? How could they have any strength to resist them?"

"Washington had raised an army of twenty thousand raw militia."

"Then those are the men, such as we have seen at a country training-field!" exclaimed Walter; "with no coats, and sometimes no guns, and certainly no military training."

"I suppose they had very little ammunition, and many of them were invalids; but they were determined to succeed."

"And they did so!" said Walter.

"After much discouragement, and after the enemy had had possession of the city."

"How did they get in," said Peter, "if they had sunken vessels and chains in the harbor to close the entrance to the North and East Rivers, and to keep them out, and so many forts as we saw when we were coming in?"

"Some of those forts have been built recently; but the enemy got in by a stratagem!"

"How was it done?"

"The general in command was dangerously ill, and another one, a younger man, took his place, who did not look out so well for the defences. He expected the other generals to help him do that. He thought the other generals *had* guarded the pass, and when the British appeared to be approaching in front (which they did to deceive him), he called out his men, and took them away from the very place where they were coming in, and they entered. He should have left no post unguarded, and trusted it to no other man."

"He made a mistake, father!"

"Yes, he made a mistake, — as we always say if a person does a silly thing. There the enemy entered in the rear. Remember, my sons, leave no post unguarded in the battle of life, for the enemy will enter in the rear, and at the most unsuspected point."

"How he does preach!" whispered Peter; "but I rather like it! Life is a *real* battle for me. *That's so!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

### BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

**A**T last the day arrived when we were allowed to visit Barnum's Museum. It was very fortunate for us that we insisted upon going that very day, and that we teased Mrs. Hamilton until she consented to postpone all she had to do, and go with us. Old nurse helped us on, by saying, "The present time is the only time;" and it proved true in this case, for the next day the whole building was in flames! The bears and the tigers escaped, and ran into the streets, where they were shot. How frightful they must have been, when they were singed so black that you could not tell whether they were wildcats or bears that were jumping out of the flames! To be so fortunate as to escape the flames and then to be shot, because they frightened the people as much as they were frightened, was very hard. The elephant, who is always wiser and stronger than any other beast, tore down the boards of his pen, and stepped majestically out. He is a stupid looking animal, but he has such a fine instinct that he knows if a bridge is not strong

enough to bear his weight, better than the men do who often try to urge him over it. So he would not stay and be burned with the poor little animals who were suffocated there, or rush wildly around the streets like the black bear, or jump like a harlequin out of the flaming ruins like the singed wild-cat. He surrendered like a brave soldier, or like a prudent fellow, you will say, thinking it wiser to give himself up quietly. Presence of mind is the elephant's most wonderful trait, and I wish children would learn a lesson from him.

I once knew of a little girl (and I mean to send her this book), who, when her little friend's dress caught fire, tried in vain to stop the flames, and so she stood and held her apron, with both hands, before the little one's face, that she might not be disfigured, if she got well. She could not save the child's life, but she had the courage to try.

Another child that I knew, who was older than this one, had the presence of mind to take off all her clothing rapidly, and her life was saved by that alone. The blazing garments were scattered all about the room, burning the woollen carpet, and venting their fury upon that in vain. She was quite alone, and very frightened — after it was all over.

Now, as you cannot go to Barnum's yourself, you may be glad to hear a little that we saw there

— only we did not think it very wonderful. There was no mermaid after all, and we were disappointed in that, because we shall not know where else to look after one. And we were disappointed when we entered the hall to see it so small, and that many of the wonders, when we came near them, lost something of the enchantment that we had clothed them in. Even fairy gifts turn to dead leaves and withered flowers in the hand that grasps them. And we had dreamed so of Barnum's Museum, and of the wonderful mermaid, singing on the rocks, combing her golden locks; and when we came to the door of the hall, and saw the colored pictures hanging over it, — pictures of bears and lions, — and heard the lively music, and saw the crowds going in, we felt that we were transported into an enchanted country.

But very soon our disenchantment began to be felt, for the first person we met was a Circassian girl, who astonished us by walking about, under the shade of an immense head of uncombed hair, frizzled like amber-colored wool. She was dressed in yellow silk, with sky-blue Turkish trousers, and was talking English to a lady near her.

"What a funny looking girl!" said Mary, drawing near to see the immense woolly head.

"Is that a wig?" she asked; "and what is it for?"

"What is the name of that young lady?" inquired Mrs. Hamilton, languidly, and with great politeness.

"That is a Circassian girl!" replied the lady, who still had been conversing with her, in very good English.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, surveying her doubtfully. "Our winters in Russia gave us no such specimens of hair," she thought; "though wool half a yard in thickness would be a good covering for the head of a Circassian in cold weather."

"A Circassian!" cried Peter. "Let me see him! Where is his chain armor? I have not forgotten the Circassians, as they shouted to me, 'Padye proche! padye proche!' when I was in the way; I was so little then. You know that means, 'Get out of the way!'"

"Be quiet, Peter, or you will have the same thing said to you by the Circassian here. Do not talk so fast in your delight at seeing a Circassian."

"But where is he?" exclaimed Peter, impatiently.

"There she is, that young lady!" replied a gentleman, standing near.

"But I mean the Circassian. I heard there was one here!" repeated Peter.

"That is the Circassian!" said the man.

Not a word uttered Peter. He looked at the

‘strange head of hair, at the sky-blue trousers, and the air of complacency with which the young girl walked about the room vexed him. For he thought she was smiling at the very idea of personating a Circassian girl, with nothing but a woolly head to distinguish her from the rest of the crowd.

“Too bad!” he muttered, at last, walking away disappointed.

“What sort o’ oil do you use on that hair o’ yours?” inquired a woman, standing near. “Mine is kind o’ fallin’ off, an’ I thought maybe you was one o’ the advertisements o’ hair oil, for I see you’ve got a considerable growth.”

The Circassian looked grandly at her, but condescended to give no reply.

“It is a mortal cold country, I’ve heerd, where they live,” said another old lady near. “The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and I suppose he thickens the wool to suit the climate for the Circassians.”

This last stroke was too much for Peter to bear. He laughed, and hurried away to the glassblower, who was making lambs, with wool shining like icicles, and delighting Mary and Tom with their beauty.

“See this beautiful steam engine, Tom! I wonder if you know how it works.”

The children drew near, and Peter explained the

glass engine, that worked in imitation of the steamer in which we crossed the Atlantic.

"Do you see this engine pumping up and down? This is all made of glass, and the steam is formed by the water being heated over a gas-burner."

"Does that make the steam?" asked Tom. "What makes the boats go on the water, where they have not any gas-pipes?"

"Ah! they have immense boilers, in which they heat the water, and the steam from it is condensed and turns to water, and the heavy drops of water falling move the engine and turn the paddle-wheels of the steamboat. Look at this heavy beam moving up and down," said Peter, pointing to the glass engine, that moved just as steadily as if it had an important piece of work to do.

"I am tired of that ugly thing. I want to see the man make a sheep," said Tom.

The glassblower nodded, and took a white rod from among the sticks of colored glass, held it to the gas-light, and turned it about a few times; then a little curly sheep, white as wool, came up out of the flame, and was handed to Tom, who surveyed it on all sides, turning it around, trying in vain to discover the process by which it was made.

He drew near the table and peeped under it. There he saw an immense pair of bellows, which the man was working with his foot. He crawled



out again, and saw that the air from the bellows moved the flame of the lamp, and as the glass rod, held in the hand of the man, was softened by the intense heat of the flame, he moulded it into any shape he fancied.

Mary was intent upon a glass bird that he was now making. A wonderful bird it was, with a red head, white wings, and a long tail of yellow spun-glass, that looked like silk.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "It is so like the lovely corn tassels in the fields!"

"Prettier than that, I hope," said the man, looking at Mary. "Perhaps you will think this is like the thistle down," he added, taking down a skein of spun-glass, as white as thistle down, and that shone like it in the sun.

"How very pretty! May I have it, mamma?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Hamilton, who was near.

"Yes, my child, and here is a glass basket that you may take to carry your treasures home in. You must be careful of your new playthings. They are like fairy gifts, that will not bear rough usage. A rude touch will scatter them into fragments."

"That is why they are so precious," said Mary; "and they look just like fairy gifts."

"You have had one, then," the glassblower said, and smiled. "I had a little girl of my own once,

and how she liked these things. I should like to be young again, and be pleased with such playthings."

"Don't you like to make them?" asked Mary, in surprise.

The man smiled, and turned to answer some other question, and Mary had to leave her new friend and walk about the room to view the curiosities.

"These are even prettier than the frost castles and pictures on the window-pane, mamma, and they never fade away."

"But glass is so easily broken, Mary."

"Not if I am careful, mamma."

"But will you be careful? I do not think my little girl is ever very careful. That is not one of her good traits."

"Perhaps I shall learn to be. This will help me. I shall put it away every night, and take it out every morning, and then I shall be obliged to be very cautious when I touch it."

The basket was made of colored glass, and tassels of spun-glass decorated each corner. It was so fragile that it seemed as if a breath of wind could blow it away.

Mary walked across the room, holding it carefully, and talking gayly to her mother, saying, —

"It seems to me, when I look at this, and see how beautiful it is, and yet so delicate, 'tis just like something I dream of, as if it were too nice to

last; and when I get up in the morning, and look at it shining on the table, then I shall say to myself, 'Now, to-day is going to be a good day! Every hour shall have something bright in it to remember, and if I succeed and keep busy, then I shall say there is a shining tassel for that hour.'

"I don't understand you, love."

"Don't you see, the day will be beautifully rounded and finished off, like the basket, — all filled with sunshine; each hour will be as bright as the little glass tassels swinging in the air."

"You are very fanciful, Mary. I am afraid you hardly know what you mean yourself!" Mary looked up surprised. "And you certainly do not express your ideas very clearly." She looked disappointed. "Do you mean that your basket is like a set of good resolutions, that seem very bright and easy to keep, but are so readily broken on the first temptation to idleness?"

"Something *like* that, but not *exactly*, mamma," she added, dismally.

"Well, let us walk on and enjoy the Museum. What is that dreadful noise?"

The sound came nearer, but nothing was to be seen. At last, almost under their feet, a little boy peeped up from behind an enormous drum, and clattered away and beat, as if he were the only important person in the Museum. He was dressed in

a blue flannel dress, trimmed with yellow, and wore a turban, like a little Zouave. As he clattered away with his huge drum, he told us he always played on the stage, after the performance, and that we should hear him then. We certainly heard him now, and for a child of four he was a wonderful little fellow.

"O, mamma, come and see this great baby!" exclaimed Peter.

This was expected to be a pleasant sight, as a baby could not be a disagreeable object to Mrs. Hamilton's kind eyes, and so she thought. But that was a mistake. It was an immense child, with shoulders and head almost as large as those of a grown person, and with the feet and hands of a child. The very face was tired and old-looking, but the small fingers clutched a plaything or a cake as a baby only would; and it sat as self-possessed in the crowd, and dignified as a real baby, as if it were perfectly indifferent to us all.

"Do let us go on," said Mrs. Hamilton. The poor thing seemed almost stifled; it was so suffocatingly fat that it could hardly breathe.

"How could you call me to see an infant, Peter? This child is several years old."

"Only three, mamma. Look at its small hands, and see what a little baby mouth."

"The child is suffering for want of air, and it is

not a pleasant sight to me. How could you, Peter?"

"I thought you always liked fat babies, mamma! And this one weighs two or three hundred pounds."

Mrs. Hamilton shook her head at Peter, and Peter shook hands with the fat baby, who was enjoying a piece of gingerbread, and looking round with as much composure and dignity as a judge, or a real baby.

We left it with its admiring friends, and walked up a flight of stairs, to see "the Happy Family."

Tom had found such delight in looking at the different animals trained to live together in harmony, that we were expected to do the same.

But the monkeys looked so forlorn, and the want of animation which even a little quarrelling would give to the scene, took away all interest from it. I remember the melancholy monkeys even now, that crawled around the posts, and climbed up a pole, without any life or interest in the scene.

"It does not seem natural," said Peter. "It is their nature to scratch and bite, and I like to see them act as they were made to do."

"Even to scratch, Peter?" asked Tom.

"Yes!" he said, bluntly.

The room in which the happy family was had cages, in which were placed various small animals, such as are found in an ordinary menagerie.

We had frequently seen them all before, and the air was close and the room too warm, so we went down the stairs to another, in search of the theatre.

Here we entered the hall, lighted with gas (in a warm afternoon), and seated ourselves to see the wonderful play of Jack and Gill. Those nursery rhymes that haunt our childhood! Who Jack and Gill were, and *why* they fell down the hill, — except for the rhyme, — was always a mystery to us.

I cannot say that we were any wiser for seeing the performance. We were disappointed in the play, but the scenery was good. Mary and her little lamb — we all know that Mary had a little lamb, and his fleece was white as snow — came on the stage, and he followed Mary, and looked as sensible and good as a lamb could under such melancholy circumstances. When the teacher turned him out, he came and sat by Mary's side, and nibbled at her work, and they were both equally unconcerned by the crowd gazing at them, and the noise and gas-lights. Jack and Gill, Mary and the little lamb, were mingled in a wonderful confusion in our minds, and all we can remember is that Mary eloped with somebody, who was not Jack, but ought to have been; and that somehow in the play, an old man, who represented Winter, was charmed away by Summer, and the frost king, who appeared in the first of the play with his train, was

changed by the magic power of sunshine into Summer, and that was a beautiful scene of fairy-land.

"Mary is still there in that beautiful car," said Tom. "But where is the lamb?"

And we looked at the scene, shining with crimson and gold; we saw the whole troop of performers nodding and smiling, with showers of gold falling upon them from the air, and crimson lights shining around them. If it had not been so warm, we should have felt that fairy-land was near, and could have enjoyed a peep at it. But there was no pleasure, even in enchantment; and no illusion of an artificial winter could make us forget the heat of the gas-lights.

We were glad to leave the scene. When the infant drummer clattered his noisy farewell, the monkeys chattered, the birds squeaked, a pair of the colored children, who pretended to be joined like the Siamese twins, sang a parting song, and danced a not ungraceful, but most remarkable dance.

"Let us go," said Peter. "We have had enough of it."

"How dreadful it is," exclaimed Mary, "that those poor little girls are *Siamese twins*!"

"All humbug!" said Peter. "It is all India-rubber and an elastic band. Don't you see," he said, confidentially, "they are such a *nice color* for it."

"How can you say such a dreadful thing, Peter?"

and what a naughty boy you are to laugh at them, and how wrong it would be to do such a thing."

"To do what? To laugh at them?"

"No; to tie them together with a rubber strap."

"Is it any worse than the mermaid, that Barnum is really proud of? He tells people that he deceived them, and is only proud of his ingenuity."

"But could not he use it in some other way?" said Mary, innocently.

"Perhaps you could give him some good advice," said Peter.

"Ah! you are laughing at me, Peter," she replied. "You know what I mean."

"Well," said Peter, seriously; "I do believe that if he had taken as much pains to study some great invention, he would have been quite as famous by making some valuable discovery."

"And he might have got out a patent for his invention, and have been very rich, too," said Tom, sensibly.

"So he might!" answered Peter. "But mind the step, Tom, and don't get lost in the crowd. You *will* be lost some day, if you stop to look behind you so. What is it now?"

"I was looking at the pictures overhead," replied Tom. "See the great flags, and the painted lions, and the monkeys, and everything just as it is inside of the building."



"Do come on, Tom. You will certainly be lost in the crowd."

"Hear the music!" replied Tom, absently.

"Hurry! hurry! Where is Tom?" said Peter. "We shall leave you at home next time, old fellow, if you have to stop and look at pictures, and star-gaze into every window."

"I only wanted to see the big pictures over our heads, as we came out of the door, and to hear the little drummer, when he played in the balcony. I hope I shall see him again. I should like to drum there myself."

"In Barnum's Museum?" asked Mary.

"Yes, I should *so*!" said Tom.

"Well, we must hurry now, and leave the wonders until another day. We may miss the boat to the island, and that would be so inconvenient, as mamma is so very tired, and I begin to feel so too."

"What a wonderful lamb that was!" said Tom. "How could he learn to play his part?"

"I don't know, I am sure. We *must* hurry, Tom."

"What an astonishing little black boy that was, that jumped out of the table-drawer, when they thought he was dead!" answered Tom, still oblivious to all but the play.

"He only pretended to be dead," said Mary.

"But how could there be three of him, just

alike!" exclaimed Tom. "He jumped out of the drawer and ran away, and then they opened the drawer and another one just like him jumped out, and then they opened it again, and another one came. How could they find so many little black boys all alike, and how could they keep so still in the drawer?"

"It was the same boy, I think," said Mary. "He ran along under the floor of the stage, and popped up out of the drawer, like a Jack in the box."

"Hoo! How I should like to do that!" said Tom, drawing a long breath.

"You had better go on the stage at once," answered Mary; "but you would not like it, I am sure."

"Where *are* you, children? What *are* you talking about?" cried Peter, hurrying us along. "*Of course* you must go on the stage at once. Here it is!"

He hurried us along, so we could not explain the mistake. And poor Mary's glass basket was shivered to pieces, but we shall say nothing about it, because she has not found it out.

## CHAPTER VIII.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY. — THE GIANT ANGER. —  
CHILD AT ITS MOTHER'S GRAVE. — THE ERIE  
CANAL.

**W**E took the boat next day and crossed to Brooklyn, for we had not much time to remain in the city, and we wanted to see Greenwood Cemetery. The crowd of people as we crossed was so great, and the receding shores of the city were so full of people, that it made me think of busy ants, hurrying about an ant hill. We were so small, and the buildings so immense, that we felt as if we were little dolls on a pleasure party. As we left the boat, we found, fortunately, a street car standing near us, and we asked the driver if that went to the Cemetery.

"No!" he answered. "The next car for the Symmetry."

But the next car, and the next one, passed, until a big green one, with the word 'Greenwood,' in immense yellow letters, caught our eye. We hurried in, and found seats for us all. It was not a nice car, it was so jolting, and the straw at the bottom

of it was rough and muddy, the windows clattered, and the sun beat in as if it meant to punish us for making merry on a trip to Greenwood. But perhaps you have never heard that the place where they bury the dead, from New York, is called Greenwood. Ah! it is a beautiful place! So beautiful, that we thought even Central Park was not to be compared to it. For the green trees, with which it is shaded, were covered with lovely white blossoms, and the long shadows fell asleep on the grass by the side of the sleeping forms that it covered.

Then we left the jolting and uncomfortable horse-car, which carried us a long way through the city of Brooklyn. We stopped at a bare, open space, where there seemed to be nothing but many stone-cutters at work, and we wondered where to go next. Very soon a hackman appeared, followed by another.

"Carriage!" he exclaimed. "Greenwood Cemetery!" "Carriage take you round," cried the next; "no need of parasols, ma'am."

We nodded, for certainly that was what we wanted. But we saw several parties with baskets, who were going to have a picnic in that solemn grove, and it reminded us of the Russians with their "Recollection Monday," when they feasted on the graves of their dear friends, hoping to remind them of home.

Our driver promised to carry us all over the grounds, and we set out in high spirits for the place. As we entered the carriage, and the driver mounted the box, weren't we glad that it was only a frolic that brought us here !

We passed the women and children carrying baskets, and suffering from the heat of the sun, and wondered why they called such a trip pleasure, and if it could be any comfort to them to visit the graves of the departed in such a merry-making way.

"I wish our carriage would hold a few of them," said Mary. "That nice little girl looks so tired : couldn't we take her in ?"

"No, my dear ; it would spoil all her pleasure to be separated from her mother. We shall soon be there."

We rolled on, leaving the melancholy pleasure-seekers, and rode through a handsome stone entrance to the most beautiful grounds, so shaded by green trees and bushes, that it well deserved its name of Greenwood. Everything was green, brilliant green, all except the white marble of the monuments.

The carved granite entrance was very handsome, with appropriate inscriptions upon it. I wish you could see the handsome bas-reliefs upon the gateway, which represent various scenes from the life of Jesus, that are appropriate for the place. Such

as the raising of Lazarus, and the miracle of Christ healing the sick, and the opening of the sepulchre. But we rolled through the gateway, hardly having time to examine them, though Tom persisted in standing up on the seat, and looking behind him to read the inscriptions. As he could not read very well, we have not a clear idea now of what they were exactly, but believe they were texts of Scripture, that described the different scenes represented.

"But what were all those stone-cutters for, I wonder?" said our rather stupid Walter.

"Yes, so do I wonder," repeated our little parrot, Tom. "They have made all the men and women over the entrance — what else can they find to do?"

Peter shook his head, and looked seriously at mamma. He well knew the reason, and so do you, if you will stop to think about it. They carve the marble for the monuments.

There were some very beautiful monuments there in the cemetery. One was almost like a house, furnished inside with a sofa, table, and chairs, where the friends of the person buried below could sit over her grave, and fancy her spirit was with them.

"What is this house?" asked Peter, as we came to it. "But I see, it does not look just like one."

"That is not a house," said the driver, who explained everything to us, as if he had learned his

lesson, and was repeating it. "That is a tomb, and I cannot remember the name of the person," he said, and perhaps it is better not. "There is a sofa, and everything like a parlor, where the friends can go and mourn together."

"Ah! But can they believe the spirit of their friend is still in the grave? How sad they must be to think that, if they have a room to come and sit in, and fancy she could hear their voices mourning over her."

"How do we know, my dear, what the friends believe? I am surprised!"

"I only thought they must think so, because the room is certainly there. I should want a mansion in the sky to meet my friends in."

"I would go right up on a rainbow bridge," whispered Tom; "and then I would hide in the deepest cloud, and when he came by, I would call out to him, 'We are all missing you so, why can't you come back?'"

"Hush, Tom! Look at mamma," said Mary.

But Tom did not hear, and went on. "I would say something to the wind, and let it whisper it to him, for the wind can penetrate where nothing else can go."

"But the wind cannot carry a message, because it don't know anything. I would give it to the echo; *that* can repeat words," said Mary.

"Here, look at this! You are losing all the beautiful monuments, while you are talking so fast," exclaimed Walter.

"What is it?"

"It is a real man!" exclaimed Tom.

"It is a marble statue of one. It was taken from life, and placed here while the man whom it represents was living," said Walter.

"It looks like a sailor, and see his spy-glass under his arm!" exclaimed Tom, in delight.

"What a keen, piercing eye he has," said Peter.

"You cannot see any eyes at all at this distance," returned Mary.

"That is the expression of the whole figure. He is a keen, far-sighted, resolute man," said Walter.

"It does show some resolution to have your own statue made and placed over your grave."

"Not very far-sighted, though, mamma. Because we all know we must die, even if we do not wish to have our monuments made before we need them," said Peter.

"It is not very wise, I think," replied his mother; "but how can we tell what reason the old seaman might have had for this act? One cannot judge for another in this world, Peter."

"That is very true, mamma. Perhaps he had some good motive for it. He looks so sensible, and not a bit sentimental or affected."



"Here we are coming to the water!" said Mary. "How beautiful it is here! See the white blossoms on the trees. Are those large flowers dogwood, mamma? And how many white blossoms there are everywhere! They are all white, I believe, and the cemetery is full of them. How very beautiful."

"They suit well with the white gravestones."

"O, do you think that is the reason that they have so many white flowers?"

"Not because the gravestones and monuments are white, but because white flowers are suitable emblems of purity and innocence."

"Certainly, they are almost all white, but I never thought of that. I supposed it was accidental."

"There are very few accidental things, Mary, in this life," said her mother. "I wish you would try to remember that, and not say so frequently, as you do sometimes, 'It was by accident that I met Walter.' Everything has some reason for happening. 'It was a happy accident,' sometimes we hear a man say, if he has great good fortune."

"It is certainly a happy accident that I should meet you here, in this unhappy spot, madam," said a gentleman, coming out of the little dell where we were sauntering about, looking at the flowers nodding at the water, and seeing our faces reflected in it.

"O, is it you, John?" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"Uncle John! Uncle John!" shouted the children, for it was the John whom you knew so long ago, as the red-haired country boy, who went to Boston to see the city, and now he has come to New York to meet us, and see the sights of that great city. He is so much older now that you would not recognize him; and how you have grown since you first read about him, and how many spectacles you have seen since we first met! There was so much to talk about, that Greenwood Cemetery came very near being forgotten. But the children walked about, leaving Mrs. Hamilton and their uncle to talk over the events that had happened since they last met.

We shall go on with the children, and hear the family news after we all get home.

"Let us run down into this hollow," said Peter; "perhaps we shall find some more relations there."

"You funny fellow!" exclaimed Mary, running down the hill, and looking about as if to see some one.

But Peter called out, "Come here, Mary, and look at the view!"

Mary slowly came up the hill, and went to meet Tom and Peter, who were gazing at the extended view which was spread out like a living picture before them.

"There is the Atlantic Ocean!" exclaimed Pe-

ter. "And that is Staten Island and the Jersey shore."

"Look this way," said Walter. "Here is the Hudson River that we heard about the other evening."

"I wonder if the fairies dance there nowadays," said Mary, confidentially. "Papa said they lived there once."

"There is New York!" said Tom, grandly. He, too, must discover something, if the rest did.

The children laughed. But Tom's discovery was the most important point that had been mentioned, and so he insisted.

"There was a big battle fought here once in the Revolution," said Walter.

"Fought here!" exclaimed Mary. "In a graveyard! How shocking! But then it was handy."

"It was not a graveyard then. It was only a wooded hill at that time; the cemetery was not made until 1838, my father says."

"And when was the big battle fought?"

"In August, 1776. In the revolutionary days, as I told you. Don't you remember when that was, Mary?"

"O, dear!" she sighed, resignedly. "Yes, I suppose I do; but I forget it sometimes."

"I wonder how large this cemetery is?" she asked, absently.

"Did not you hear what my father said about it last night?"

"No; I was not listening," answered Mary.

"I believe you never do attend when he is telling us about such things; and then you always want to hear it all afterwards."

"I can't help it," said Mary, resignedly.

"Well, it is not a bit of matter, Mary."

"I know it is not of any consequence, but you have not told me yet, Peter."

"What a queer child you are! It was about two hundred and fifty acres, but more has been added lately."

"What a big place it is to bury people in."

"Come down here with me," said Tom, in a hurry. He had been exploring the cemetery, and peeping through the iron railings into the enclosures, and trying to read the different inscriptions upon the stones.

"'Many hopes lie buried here,' " read Mary, looking at a scroll of white marble hanging over a small gravestone. "It is so melancholy to stay here!" she said, with a sigh.

"I don't think it is melancholy, for see how beautiful all the flowers and shrubs look, and the clover is so sweet! I am going to feed the horses with some of it, while you go with Tom." So Peter gathered the fresh red and white clover contentedly

in handfuls, while Tom and Mary walked away, and left him enjoying the cemetery after his own boyish fashion.

"I've found something that makes me feel sorry," said Tom, confidentially.

We followed Tom, though we did not want, like him, to feel sorry, but we soon saw what he meant. For, upon the grave of a little child, were laid all its playthings, in a glass case, as if its tender mother thought it would not be happy and rest peacefully without them.

"See the little shoes!" exclaimed Tom. "Those make me feel the worst of all. His feet won't be tired any more *now*."

"See his poor little gun!" added Mary, pityingly; "and even the whistle!"

"Just as if he wouldn't have better whistles where he is, in the clouds with the thunder, and where the wind blows all day!" exclaimed Tom.

"And with the angels!" added Mary, softly.

"Yes; I have seen lots of them, with great big whistles!" exclaimed Tom.

"No, those were trumpets," answered Mary.

"I guess they always carry trumpets."

"They do in *pictures*," said Tom, "and I have often thought the trumpets looked so heavy, that their wings must be very big indeed to keep them up."

"They *are* almost all wings. They haven't any bodies."

"That's because," said Tom, "you know they never sit down. They are always flying about with messages."

Peter had become tired of feeding the horses, and came to find them.

"What are you talking about?" he asked. "I've heard that *word* angel over and over again; it means messenger; but I think *some* angels come to help us if we are naughty."

"If we are good, you mean," said Mary. "They won't come to naughty children."

"Yes, they will. That is just what they like to do," answered Peter. "Let us sit down here in the grass, and I'll tell you about it. But what is that?" he exclaimed, as he saw the playthings.

"Somebody's mother," said Tom, pointing to them, "somebody's mother was afraid he would be homesick, and so she put all his pretty playthings together, and laid them on the grave, that he should not miss them and be restless, and cry for them as he used to once."

"The poor mother!" said Walter, pityingly.

"But it is more likely," added Peter, "that the child made his mother promise to put them there with him, and she kept the promise, because it was his wish."

"We shall never know," said Mary; "but you said you'd tell us all about the angels."

"I can't tell you, but I read in a book one day that

'Angels are but unbodied minds;  
When the partition walls decay,  
Men emerge angels from their clay.'

"I guess not," said Mary. "It is most always children."

"And *womens!*" said Tom. "I have seen a great many pictures of them. To be sure I never saw a real one, but they were always women."

"There never was a man-angel in the pictures!" added Mary, confidently.

"I will not worry about that," said Peter; "because nobody knows about it any better than we do. I was thinking of what you said, Mary. You thought the angels would not come to help us when we were naughty, but only when we are good. There is an old German legend that tells us something different from that, and mamma said it makes her think of some verses, and she gave them to me to help me a long time ago, when I got angry so often."

"Did they help you?" asked Tom, with wide open eyes.

"Something did!"

"Was it the angels, then?" he asked again, in awe.

"You hear the story; don't ask so many questions," said Peter, shortly.

"I did not know it was a story; why didn't you say so at first, and then I would have kept very still?" He kept on saying this as he seated himself amongst the clover-heads, pulling them to pieces and sucking the honey from the pink cells.

Peter took off his cap, and pulled it over his eyes; stretched himself at full length in the grass, put a blade of it between his lips, and repeated the following verses: —

"But you need not think," said Peter, "that it is I who was possessed by the demon; it was another boy — in the story."

#### THE GIANT ANGER.

A child knelt down in the forest dark,  
Where no human eye could see,  
But a sunbeam crept through a cloud that passed,  
And flashed through the gray old tree.  
As it fell on the child's bright upturned face,  
And heard his low, sweet prayer,  
Like a glory it shone through the dark, cold place,  
Till the boy seemed an angel there.

The prayer of the child was a sad, low hymn  
For forgiveness, hope, and trust,  
And he wept as he told of care and sin,  
Till the flowers their sweet bells hushed.  
For he spoke of a giant, who, day by day,  
Followed him everywhere;  
Who whispered of sorrow, pain, and wrong,  
And filled his heart with care.



Who tempted him evil things to do,  
Harsh, cruel words to say;  
Destroyed the flowers he loved so well;  
Frightened his birds away.  
Then the low, sad voice grew hushed in tears,  
And so quiet his spirit grew,  
That a purple twilight filled the wood,  
And the flowers seemed praying too.

And he came each day, that prayer to say,  
Till the giant's strength was fled,  
And it seemed an angel through the wood,  
His gentle footsteps led;  
The soft moss curled about his feet,  
Each flower's trembling hand  
Struck welcome on its tiny harp,  
That he could understand.

Would you know the angel that would make  
The dark wood seem so light,  
And the cruel giant that destroyed  
All things so pure and bright?  
Anger is the giant's name;  
He killed the birds and flowers,  
He sorrows with his evil words,  
Far older hearts than ours.

Would you know the angel that would drive  
The cruel fiend away?  
That gentle spirit ever comes  
When the heart doth humbly pray;  
And like an angel, by the hand  
It leads us through the world,  
And guides us to that hidden strand,  
Where sorrow's wing is furled.

"And I can remember a little German poem that I learned," said Mary. "It is what a poor child said to its mother, after its mother had gone away and left it."

"How could it say anything to her then, Mary, if she had gone away?" inquired Tom, for Mary was looking sadly at the graves, and not thinking of Tom, or what she was saying.

"Her mother was dead!" answered Mary, at last, as Tom repeated his question.

"Well, what did she say to her then?"

"She wanted to go and stay with her."

"In the grave?" asked Tom, in surprise.

"Yes."

"How homesick she must have been!" said Tom.

"Poor child, she was hungry and cold, I suppose."

"I never should want to die, though," said Tom; "that would be worse than being cold or hungry."

"You just listen to the verses. I know it was a poor little girl, who felt so unhappy."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Because boys can work, and feel strong, and can fight, too."

"What do you want to fight for?"

"I mean they can fight against poverty, and all sorts of cruel things. Boys are stronger, and can bear more hardships than girls can."

"I hope they can," said Peter, proudly; "but let us hear the German poetry."

"It is translated. I have forgotten the German words since I learned it."

"That is no matter," said Peter.

And Mary repeated the lines: —

#### THE CHILD AT ITS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Sleep calmly in your narrow home,  
Sleep soft in hushed repose;  
O, mother, mother, dearest one,  
Let me come to that little room,  
And do not shut it close!

"I have so longed to be with you,  
Where rain could not get in!  
It is so warm and sheltered there,  
Away from sin, and cold, and care;  
Dear mother, let me in!

"And take me with you, where you go,  
And let me grasp your hand,  
For I am lost and left alone;  
Do take me to your happy home,  
In that celestial land."

"Poor little girl. It makes me feel so sorry, that I won't stay here any longer," cried Tom. "These are the graves of the poor people. I am going away to see some of the rich ones, they are so much handsomer!"

Mary ran after him, and Peter followed slowly.

Mary was telling Tom not to get lost, "For you see, Tom, here are the avenues all marked, — Oak, Willow, Grape, Birch, Meadow, and many other pretty names I can't remember, and the paths are all marked, too."

"But what makes you think I shall be lost, Mary? I don't mean to be lost."

"You don't mean to be, but look at the name of the path, — 'Pansy,' — that is a pretty name; that is where we went first."

"Come, children, let us drive on," said their father, coming from a distant path, where he had been with his wife, to see whether the grave of her parents had been well cared for in their absence. The grass had grown up, and the flowers were encroaching and spreading through the railing meant to keep them at home; for flowers, like children, will have their own way.

"Run along, we shall overtake you, and there is quite time for a drive through the Park, if we go at once."

"Shall we leave all the monuments, without looking at them?" said Walter, in his lingering manner.

"O, no! We are going to drive all round the cemetery. Jump in!"

The driver grasped the reins, and we clambered into the carriage, Peter on the box with the driver, who had learned his lesson and repeated it, as if he

chose to tell us what he knew, whether we wanted to hear or not. And we certainly did not care whether the magnificent tombs belonged to one stranger or another.

"That belongs to a rich man in California," he said, as we passed one.

"There is a mosque," cried Tom ; "only there is a cross upon it, and not a crescent. What is that for?"

"I suppose it belongs to a Catholic," replied Peter.

"O, no ! that is not a Catholic, but a Protestant tomb. The cross is a religious symbol placed there ; it is used by all denominations."

"There is a beautiful monument to a general — a statue in the centre, with four American eagles surrounding it."

"That polished shaft of Quincy granite is very handsome," said Mr. Hamilton.

"It looks like looking-glass," said Mary.

"Or like frozen water," said Tom.

"Like Derbyshire spar, what you called petrified water, father," called Peter, from the box.

"There are some polished letters of the same kind, marking the inscription mosque, upon a rough granite slab," he replied ; "so the rudest heart bears some record of a shining name, that it has loved and can never forget."

"Here is a bronze statue, father, with a long inscription upon it," said Walter, as we rode along.

"What is it?"

"That is the statue of De Witt Clinton."

"What do the inscriptions on the side mean?"

"They refer to different services in his life."

"I should like to do some great thing, father," said Peter; "so that I could have something great to put on my tombstone!"

"Something to give you and others pleasure while you live would be better. Look at this, and see how much delight he must have given to the poor!"

"What did he do?"

"The Public School Society, of which De Witt Clinton was the first president, not only founded the first public school in New York, but afterwards employed some one to go out into the streets to find the poor and untaught children, and bring them into the schools to be taken care of and instructed."

"That is worth having on your tombstone," exclaimed Peter.

"What else is here? There is something else. The books indicate the schools, I suppose. Here is something more.

"The great undertaking of cutting the Erie Canal was carried through by his energy and perseverance," said Mr. Hamilton. "That connected the great lakes with the Atlantic Ocean."

"What great lakes?" asked Tom.

"The lakes in the western part of the State of New York — Lake Erie, and the others, which gives the name to the canal."

"Was it a very big canal?"

"It was indeed, Tom: three hundred and sixty miles long."

"What did they have it for?"

"To carry large vessels from the ocean, loaded with heavy burdens, into the interior of the country, and to put the flour and grain from the Western States, which could come across the lakes, into a vessel which could go as far as the ocean, and send it all over the world."

"That was a great thing to do," said Walter.

"It was thought to be impracticable at first, and was laughed at, and called 'Clinton's big ditch.' But his energy carried it through."

"And then they praised him, I suppose."

"Yes."

"But was it so very big?" asked Tom.

"It was the largest line of continuous labor in the world, I think."

"O, no! there is the Chinese Wall! We know about that. All the houses in London would not contain brick and mortar enough to make it."

"It is next to the Chinese Wall, I have heard. They began to cut it on the 4th of July, in 1817,

and kept busy working at it until it was finished, in 1825. When the line of communication was open, they fired cannon all along the line, and New York heard from Buffalo, and returned an answer in three hours."

"That is nothing, because now we have the telegraph wires, and Atlantic cable. In those days it *was* a great thing to hear from New York so soon."

"It was, certainly, and they had a grand procession. Clinton poured a keg of water from Lake Erie into the Atlantic Ocean, and thus united them."

"We cannot stay any later now in this cemetery. We must leave it for to-day."

"How beautiful the monument of that young lady is, who was thrown from her carriage and was killed! It is as handsome and large as if it were for three or four different people."

"But the little old shoes on the poor child's grave made me feel the most grieved," said Mary.

"And the big statue of the general, and that of De Witt Clinton, made me feel most like a hero!" exclaimed Peter, holding up his head, with his eyes flashing fire.

"You are meaning to be some wonderful person," said Tom, gently.

"I hope so," replied Peter, grandly.

"I hope we shall live to see it," said Walter.

"It is too much trouble to try to be famous."



"That is quite right, Walter, for you could not do it. But let us go home," said Peter. "I am tired. Walter is a discouraging fellow," he added. "He never thinks a fellow can do anything. So he never tries."

"And he is never disappointed!" said Walter.

"Boys, boys, where are you?" called their father; and we rode away from the cemetery, feeling that there all strife was at rest.

In the evening, their father said, "Boys, I am going to tell you a story." He had not referred to our conversation in any other way, but we knew after he told the story that he had heard it.

### THE TWO RIVERS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"A man was walking along upon the banks of the River Euphrates. Gently and silently the stream rushed on. 'Why don't your waves hurry and rage like those of other rivers?' asked the man.

"'There is no need of my clamoring,' answered the stream. 'My name will be known without that trouble. The meadows that I water become green, the trees upon my banks grow rapidly, so they all know me already, and recognize what I am.'

"A few days after that the same man came to the River Tigris. Its waves poured on, furious and

wildly foaming. 'Hi! hi! Why do you roar so?' inquired the man of the stream.

"'Ah!' replied the stream, 'how does all my roaring help me? they will not promise me as much as other rivers, although I roar out continually that I *am* somebody in the world.'

"Then the man came again. When he saw the trees and branches hanging heavy with fruit, which they silently handed out. — 'Why are you so still?' he asked. 'Why do you not rustle like the trees of the forest, in the wind? They let their voices be heard afar off.'

"'People know us already, and have known us long by the fruits we bear,' said the trees. 'They praise us if we are silent.'

"Then the man came to a forest, whose trees almost reached the sky, and their empty tops raged and rustled in the breeze. 'What a tremendous noise you are making!' said the man.

"'Ah!' replied the trees, 'we are obliged to make a great rustling and noise, for nobody values us as we deserve to be noticed.'

"'Yes, yes!' said the man. 'Whoever praises himself cannot be worth praising, for I see that those who deserve fame receive it.'"

Peter was silent, for he knew that his father thought a useful, humble life was far more precious than noisy fame.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CENTRAL PARK. — HIGH BRIDGE.

**W**HAT a day it was! The sun shone with all its power; the birds sang as if they had no consciousness of the sadness in the world, but kept up a perpetual twittering like laughter, that was echoed and answered through the trees. We sang, we shouted, and tossed our caps in the air. There was nothing to disturb the fulness of our content; we were happy as the birds, and, like them, noisy in our glee.

"Here comes a real dromedary, and an Arab on his back!" exclaimed Peter. "Let us play that we are out in the desert with no water, and that he is coming to bring us relief."

"What makes him sit at the back of the camel's hump? Why don't he fall off?" exclaimed Tom, as the fellow shambled by, just to be looked at and admired, we knew. But how could we admire such an awkward animal, so ungainly and clumsy; even if he were remarkable for living long without water in the desert? He straggled by, and we looked at the Arab dress and red cap, and felt thoroughly

thankful that we lived in a country where we had water to drink, and ponies to ride, not dromedaries to cling to, as a fly clings to the back of a horse.

"Let us go to the grotto and play Robinson Crusoe. There is a big natural grotto somewhere, if we can find it."

"We can find it. Come along, boys; it can't be very far off," cried Peter; and away he ran as fast as he could.

We followed after him, and came to a cave, in which we hid. Peter was on the rock above us, and called to us to come up where he was. He kept perfectly still.

"Come up here, and see where Robinson Crusoe stood to see his enemies coming, and where he kept his ladder to descend by, and if he pulled it up no one could enter the cave."

"Yes, they could!" we cried. "Here we are, Peter!" And he looked down through the hole in the roof of the grotto, but we were hidden away from him.

"You are not a very good Crusoe, Peter. You cannot find your enemies, and they have taken possession of your cave by a private entrance. Come down here!"

Peter came hurrying down the rugged stairs, and peeped into the cave where we were, looking up to the hole where the light came through the roof.

"What a fine place this is for a good game of hide-and-seek! We'll come some day and have a game. We want to see the Park now. What a beautiful place it really is! I did not think anything so beautiful could be found near a large city."

As Peter spoke, he raced away down the long avenue of trees as far as we could see. We followed him, for we always followed Peter, because he has something pleasant to do, or sees more strange spectacles than any other boy in the same length of time.

"What do you think that long avenue reminds me of? — the long, broad one, that we cross when we go to feed the swans. It reminds me of the avenue *Auf den Linden*, in Berlin," said Walter.

"I forgot the swans! Let us go now and feed them!" we all exclaimed.

"Come this way, then," said Peter, leaving the pleasant summer-house where we meant to rest after our long run. The summer-house was made of rustic branches and roots of trees, so skilfully arranged and joined together that their very bends and crooked angles were formed into beautiful curves which charmed the eye. Vines of wisteria or creeper covered the arbors, where children like ourselves were playing, or soberly seated by their parents, who were eating their dinner.



SWANS IN CENTRAL PARK.



For a short time we heard no language but German. It was the German population who enjoyed dining in the open air, smoking in the arbors, and who, with their children, make the landscape look so foreign and so picturesque. They, too, were in the little boats, covered with white awnings trimmed with red and blue, and ornamented with pretty flags, and rowed by a boatman in a picturesque and appropriate boatman's garb.

"Shall we join them in a sail?" said Peter. "We are enough to fill a boat ourselves. Let us take this one."

We bought our tickets at a covered stand at the shore, and cautiously stepped in. Peter first, at one end, as captain; Tom next, and Walter after him. Mary, who was so afraid of crumpling her nice white dress, that she almost overset the boat trying to get the best seat; and I, poor little I, — whom you would forget always, if I did not tell you the story, — I sat in the corner of the boat, and said nothing; but I used my spectacles, and I remembered it all, or you would not have heard a word of the story.

We sailed about, and admired the azaleas on the bank. The big white swans came to us, stretching out their long necks for the crumbs that Mary tossed them. They sailed lazily after us, and we soon left them behind. Strange, long-legged birds



looked at us from the shore, and hid in the long grass as we went by. "Hewons," the German boy told us, whom we invited to go with us. It is so lonely to have no other person in the party but those we see all the time at home! And though he did puzzle us by the "hewons," that my father said meant herons, it is no matter. Because if they were not herons, they were not ducks, or any other birds that we knew.

Soon we came to the bridge, and a sound like a cannon made Mary almost jump out of the boat.

"Why do you girls always jump so?" said Walter. For Mary frightened him by her sudden start.

"I thought it was a gun!" she answered.

"It is the boatman striking the side of his boat, to make the echo reverberate and sound under the bridge. It is as loud as a rifle shot."

"Ah! there is another boat, and the man is striking his oar on the edge of the boat. But we can't get out. We can't turn under this narrow bridge; two boats are under it at once. We shall be over-turned."

"Don't be frightened, Mary. You will see how easily the boatman can turn it."

It was a miracle of good boating. No omnibus-driver could have turned so well in a narrow space, and so entirely without a sound. The gentle splash of the water, the smooth surface of the lake, like

liquid glass, the merry faces in the boats, the flowers upon the shore nodding welcome, the bowing swans, ducking under the water and rearing their graceful necks, were a charming picture in a warm day. Even the distant boats, with the red, white, and blue awnings, were so pretty as they sailed away!

We came near a boat-house and a summer-house together. A solitary student sat with his book so near the water's edge that the bench was almost wet with the drops, and his feet were cooling in the wave.

"That looks like Walter. When he is a man, he will find some corner and read by himself, instead of enjoying the sunshine and seeing the flowers."

"Perhaps that gentleman will see us, and remember us again."

"Wouldn't it be dreadful, if he put us in his book," said Tom, as if he were in danger. (And he *is* in it, after all.)

"He would not take the trouble. Our very insignificance is our protection," replied Walter.

He felt so very wise, it was very tiresome in a warm day.

We had followed all the little bends and curves in the lake; we had peeped into the small arbors at its edge; had admired the swans and the azaleas

on the shore ; then an ugly black pipe attracted our eyes.

"What is that for?" cried Tom.

"That is the gas-pipe," said the boatman.

"But do they want to make steam here for the steamboats?" said Tom, with a vague recollection of the small steamer at Barnum's Museum.

"No," said the man.

Even Peter and Walter were puzzled at this, and I was glad to know it, for Walter is too provoking with his air of fancied superiority.

"If you were here in the winter," said the boy who went with us, "you would know it is for the skaters. They light up the pond for the skating in winter."

Here was a novelty, indeed. And we longed for skating-time to come, even though the beauty of summer was smiling around us, and the warmth of the sunshine delighting everything that had life. Birds and insects were in full glee, darting about like winged messengers from tree to tree.

"I know what a little bird told me," said Mary, as we neared the land.

"What was it, Mary?"

"It was a secret, a great secret!" she replied.

But the greatest secret always comes to light unexpectedly, and Mr. Hamilton appeared, to help us out of the boat, and to say that we were going to

have a drive to High Bridge. That was the "gwate secwet," said Freytag.

"Is it a werry high bwidge?" asked the German boy, our little man Friday, we called him.

"It is very high, indeed. One hundred and fourteen feet above the highest tide," said Mr. Hamilton.

"See that old black Venetian gondola! What a melancholy looking, hearse-like thing it is, in this beautiful place! What do they have it for?" asked Tom.

"Because it is a novelty, I suppose, Tom. They have never been in Venice, as we have," said Walter. "How we sailed in the streets there! What would they think here of having water in the streets?"

Mr. Hamilton smiled. I believe he was glad to tease Walter a little.

"Walter," he said, "Canal Street, in New York, was once full of water."

"Really, father? Are you jesting?"

"No; it was so. Canal Street had only a sidewalk on each side, and a canal through the middle of it."

"I never heard that. What was the use of it?"

"To connect the different portions of the city together. There was a large natural pond there, which has been filled up, as the people then thought

it best. Now they have to bring water into the city from a distance, to supply the wants of the immense population."

"Let us stop and look at the carvings upon the terrace before we go; for they are so beautiful," said Mary. "See these nuts, with their rough shells! And here is a dear little bird's nest upon a branch."

"And some hanging-birds," said Tom, "like dead birds, tied together. They are not so pretty, but here are some more; on every post there is something pretty, and the steps are so wide and handsome, where we can go up."

"The horses are waiting for us, children. I want you to come this way. Have you seen the beautiful marble bridge, and the bridle path?"

"I believe we did," said Peter; "for we saw all there was to see. Mary and Tom were hungry, and we went into the house and bought some cakes, while Walter waited outside, and sat under the shade of the wisteria, and listened to the people."

"What an idea! I only waited for you, and the smoke of the pipes was so strong that I could not smell the flowers."

Poor Walter! Too delicate to enjoy the flower-scents, if the cigar was too oppressive.

"Here is a beautiful hall in mosaic work, with a marble pavement in mosaic. How handsome it is!" said Peter.

"What is it all for? What do they spend so much money for to make the place so handsome, and let everybody come in and break it, if they want to?"

"They would not injure it, Tom. It is meant to give pleasure to the crowd."

"But somebody broke the pretty birds' nests, and the nuts on the posts," said Tom.

"I did not notice that. We must hurry!" said Mr. Hamilton.

"It is always 'we must hurry' since we came to America," added Tom. "I have not seen half the pretty things."

"We will come again, Tom. What did you like best?"

"The little, dear lambs, on the smooth, green grass, like my Russian baraska, in Russia."

"What, Tom?"

"Nurse used to call Tom her lamb, and that puzzled the Russians so, that mamma bought a lamb for him at Christmas. Then they clapped their hands, and cried out, 'Baraska! baraska!' Tom says the sheep feeding look like his old friend and playmate, the baraska."

"They look like a picture of England. I wish we could wait a little longer, and look at the deer, Tom, but we must go. We shall ride around the Park, and then you can see the immense reservoir."

"Where does all the water come from?" asked Tom, when his father told him that the ponds in Central Park were artificial ones.

"But the water was real water, father. I put my hands in it, and it splashed."

"Well, Tom, we do not doubt your word, but I said the pond was artificial. I mean the water was brought into the Park by iron pipes, and the pond was dug."

"And the rocks are artificial, and the waterfalls, Tom! These beautiful little cascades, and the running vines that cover the rocks, are all artificial," cried Mary.

"And artificial *flowers, too?* Such as my mother wears?" he asked, with a sigh.

"The flowers are real, and the rocks are real, but they were only placed there by people; they did not belong there," said Mary.

"That don't hurt them! They are just as good! They are real rocks and real flowers, and real ponds and waterfalls," said Tom. "They can't *make* them artificial! We were not born here in America; but *I* am not artificial!"

"O, Tom, you are too funny! Hear what my father is saying about the bridge."

"What did they want such a high bridge for?" inquired Tom, satisfied about the flowers and the rocks, that there was no delusion in them.

"They had the bridge to carry the water over," said his father.

"But I thought a bridge was to carry the people over the water. I am puzzled with that," said Tom. "Are not you, too?"

"Listen, and you will understand. After the city had been built some time, and they had filled up the pond in the centre of it, then they began to want more water to drink and to bathe in, and they wondered what to do. So the wise men of the place began to talk and consider, and they decided to go out of the city and find some very good fresh water, and bring it in for the people."

"What a trouble that was! How many buckets of water they must bring in!" said Tom.

"You are right, Tom; but buckets enough could not be found to bring all they wanted, nor men to carry them."

"What did they do then?" asked Tom.

"They made a big aqueduct. They began a great dam across the Croton River, which is forty miles from the City Hall, and five miles from the Hudson River. That great dam across the River Croton made a pond five miles long."

"Ah! what a pond! How much water could that hold?"

"Five hundred millions of gallons, and more too."



"I can't tell how many that is," said Tom.

"It is far more than you can count, Tom."

"Or I, too!" said Mary.

"Or you, either, Mary. I believe there were four hundred acres covered with water. Well, all this water was carried through fields, and rocks, and hills, till it came to the River Harlem."

"They could not get it safely through the river, could they? It would mingle with the other water, and run away to the sea."

"They couldn't get it over without a bridge, Tom."

"How funny that is!" said Tom, laughing; "to carry the water over the bridge safely."

"They built this High Bridge to carry the water over, and then they sent it all through the city in enormous iron pipes."

"What is the bridge made of?"

"It is a handsome stone bridge, with many beautiful arches, and the scenery is very fine all around there," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"It is a funny country," said Tom; "to make rocks grow, and have artificial lakes, and make the water cross over the bridge, and yet the bridge be so dry that nobody wets their feet upon it," he said, looking at his shining boots, perplexed.

"It is an aqueduct, Tom. Don't you see now?" said Mary, kindly. "It is not only a big bridge."

"It is a very big one, and a handsome one," said Tom, in amazement.

"And it is a wonderful country, Mary" said our man Friday.

"Do you like it, Friday?"

"I like it so well, I would not be contented anywhere else. All our young people are not satisfied any more when they go home. Everything is so gwand here; so much luxury! The wich pwopwiewtors are so good. When our people go home they find it not so nice in our country any more."

"I am glad you like *our* country: we are glad to welcome strangers in New York."

"We do not feel like strangers any more," said Friday.

"That is good. The city is as ready to receive foreigners now, as when she first welcomed the Huguenots and the Walloons. The French Protestants, and the Germans and Dutch, were glad to come," said Mr. Hamilton.

"Father," said Walter, "is it not strange that there should be a Schutzenfest in New York, and a Fourth of July celebration in Berlin, at the same time? The American celebration in Germany, and the German shooting festival in New York!"

"William Tell and his son walked in Broadway!" said Tom. "I saw him with his apple in his hand, and the boys hurrahed for 'Old William Tell and his son!' as they walked along."

"They wore the same hats and feathers that we saw in the mountains. The Tyrolese looked just the same," said Walter. "It was not the *real* William Tell, because he is dead long ago!"

"Not real!" said Tom. "Even the men and boys are artificial, then!" clasping his hands.

"Don't be so silly, Tom! They are real Swiss and real Germans, and besides, even the Chinese are here. The Chinese embassy has come on."

"Is not that wonderful! When we were away so few years ago, the English were hardly permitted to enter China. The first minister to China has brought home some friends he has made."

"If even the old Chinese come to New York," said Walter, "I think we must decide that our country is an attractive one to visitors. May she receive the reward of her hospitality by learning something good from them all."

## CHAPTER X.

### TOM'S ADVENTURES.

"**N**OW," thought Tom, early one morning, "now, before they go to that picture gallery, where I am always so tired standing about, I mean to go out by myself and see what *I* can find to look at."

Nobody will be the wiser. Let us go, too, and follow Tom, for he is a little boy, and may get into mischief.

So Tom crept out of the door of the hotel, and looked carefully around; but it was early, and nobody cared whether he went to walk or not, except his anxious mamma, who was sound asleep just at this moment, and nurse was busy looking after the baby. Tom walked along, until he came into Broadway. He followed the crowd of people, that turned, naturally, towards the large thoroughfare, as small rivers run to the sea. Here he stopped, and talked to the ballad singer, sitting by the railing, and asked him what he meant by stopping there, and sitting idle, and if he had not anything to do, and other questions, such as children ask without thinking they are uncivil.

The man answered him kindly, for even he was lonely in that great crowd, where no one seemed to care for him or look at him. It seemed to Tom that he felt more solitary than he had ever felt before, and he crept up to the man, and asked to see some of his ballads. They were hung on the railing, and the large, printed letters attracted buyers from the crowd.

"How should you like to go with me and sing?" said the man.

"That would be a fine idea!" thought Tom; "but what would my mother say? In Italy it would be a very good thing, but in America, I am rather doubtful."

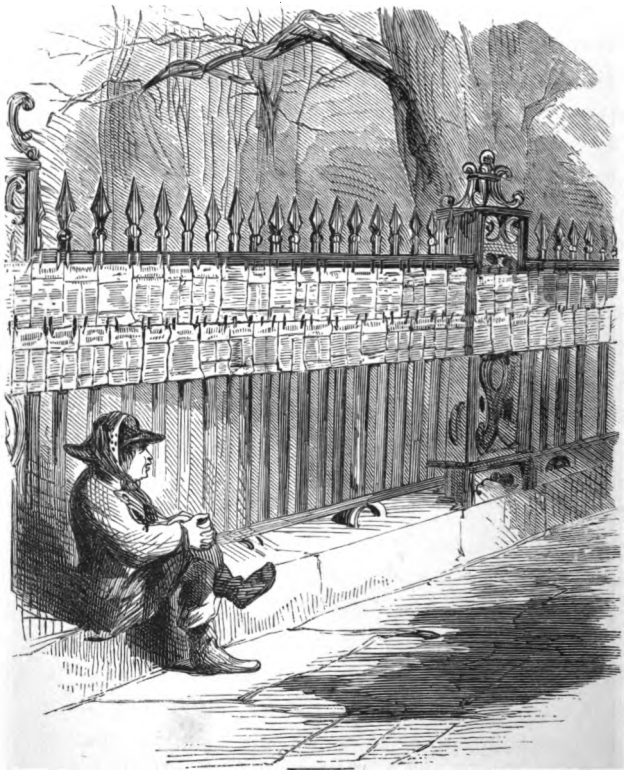
"Well, what do you say?" asked the man, again. "I have such an awful cold, I cannot make it go."

The man looked at Tom with the one eye that was visible above his immense cravat, and seemed to look him through. He had a large handkerchief tied over his hat, as if to keep away the toothache, but in reality to conceal his ugly face. We wonder if he was not a rogue, who could not have the face of an honest man, and therefore concealed his, for fear it would betray him.

"What do you want me to do?" said Tom. "I don't know exactly, but I am ready to help."

Ready for anything Tom certainly was; and they





**THE BALLAD-SELLER.**

gathered up the scattered ballads, and walked on together. Soon they came to a large window filled with handsome saddles and harnesses, and next that were carriages in an open space, that seemed left for them to stand in an archway between the shops — beautifully painted straw carriages, with red wheels and crimson cushions, looking so light that Tom thought he could draw one himself.

But in the window, next the carriages, and cantering as if alive, was a splendid rocking-horse. On the horse was a beautiful little girl, with flaxen curls, galloping as if she had no time to lose, but was hurrying off with a telegram of importance.

Tom could not get by that; he stopped a few moments, and the horse continued leaping, and almost rearing in his impatience; but he still remained in the window; not an inch farther did he go, notwithstanding his frantic efforts to get away. And the little girl smiled and cantered, but always remained in the same spot without advancing on her journey, and she was delighted at that.

"Here is something wonderful!" said Tom. "He tries so hard to run away, but he does not advance one step. What is the reason? The little girl is alive, for she smiles; but the horse does not mind the spur and rein."

"It is a hobby horse, my boy. Did you never hear of a man's having a hobby that he rides? He



may never advance one inch, but he keeps on with the same notion, and will not take any advice, or turn aside for any one."

"I never heard of that," said Tom.

"It is true, no matter what it is; whether it is an invention that may be useful, or something to ruin him. When a man rides a hobby, you may be sure the hobby will run away with him."

"But it don't," said Tom. "The horse does not advance; he has remained in the window, and the rider only appears to go forward."

"That's it," said the man. "Jess so! He only *appears* to get on in the world, and he is cheated into believing that he *does* get on. Don't you ever ride a hobby!"

"I shall, if I can have one to ride!" said Tom, boldly.

"I believe it," answered the man. "So we all say, or we think so, if we don't say it."

"I expect to have a pony next summer," said Tom.

"Ah, well!" laughed the man. "We are all looking forward to *next summer*, when everything will be bright to us. If we did not look forward to summer, we could not live through the winter."

"Why? On account of your toothache?" asked Tom. "I suppose you do feel the wind. I see that your face is tied up."

"That is not it. You children never know what we mean. Summer and winter are alike to you. If you can only have your bread and butter, it is no matter whether school keeps or not."

"I don't know what you mean. I never went to school," answered Tom; "but as to having my bread and butter, I ran away before breakfast was ready, and I feel hungry now."

"If you just step into that large shop opposite," said the man, pointing to Taylor's, "you can find bread and butter enough for the king, and if you like you can bring me out some; I suppose you have money enough."

Tom felt in his trousers' pocket, and found himself rich enough for one meal at least, and he walked by himself into the large shop, and gazed around on the immense glass jars of sugar-plums, and the bushels of peppermints, and wondered where the people could be found to eat them all.

Then he seated himself at a marble table, as he saw the rest do, and looked around to see what to do next. The walls were painted in fresco, the panels were ornamented with colored birds hanging in groups, and bunches of flowers of various kinds. Flora was scattering roses, and Aurora, with a torch, was lighting the sky with a blushing morning tint.

"Those young women seem to be very polite," thought little Tom; "but I am very hungry. I would rather see fewer paintings, and have more to eat."

As he thought this, he looked up, and saw a tall waiter standing at his side, who spread a white napkin on the table, and flourished about with an important air, busy about nothing.

"Order?" he said to little Tom, inquiringly.

"So!" replied Tom.

"Order?" he asked again, impatiently.

"The boy is quiet enough," said an old gentleman at the next table, looking over his glasses slowly, from behind his morning paper. "Why do you call him to order?"

"I asked if he had given his order," the man returned, civilly, not being afraid of Tom, who was puzzled at the discussion.

"Tell him what you want, my boy," said the gentleman, encouragingly.

But Tom hesitated, and then the waiter beckoned to a friend across the room, who came slipping and smiling along, and he handed Tom over to his care, saying, —

"It is one of your foreign chaps: look at the cut of his coat."

The waiter, who was a Frenchman, was delighted to see the boy, and he began to chatter so politely

that little Tom felt quite at home at once, for he recognized the foreign accents, and felt at ease in a moment. There is a foreign grace of manner which is very pleasant, and which we Americans do not possess ; and though the waiter turned to his friend, and said in a low tone, "*Ce garçon fait le mechant!*" (He is some naughty boy), he was very kind to Tom, and brought him a nice breakfast in a short time — for a waiter.

As Tom sat and looked about him, he saw many things that seemed new and strange. Ladies and gentleman were chatting together, as if they were at home ; waiters were walking about, carrying hot dishes to the different tables, and small pots of tea and coffee, hot rolls and beefsteak, while the scent of the confectionery, ice-creams, and cake, mingled with those, made Tom feel a little confused about the head, and very warm and uncomfortable. He wished himself at home before his breakfast came. But after he had eaten his roll and butter, and drank a glass of ice-water, he felt better, and ready for anything. So he leaned back in the corner of the semi-circular plush sofa, that nearly surrounded the marble table, and listened to the conversation of the people around him. Tom had often been told the old proverb, "Little children should be seen and not heard." And he sat very still and

quiet, eating his bread and butter, and hearing all that went on about him.

At the next table were some Germans, talking rapidly, in a confused way, like the birds, or as the squirrels in the wood chatter over a nut, as they hold it up, and eye it on every side. At least, it seemed so to Tom, for he was beginning to feel tired again, and confused by the noise, and he turned to the gentleman next him, and said, piteously, —

*"Mein Heer, ich möchte sie um ein glass wasser bitten?"* which means, "May I trouble you for a glass of water?"

The gentleman kindly gave it to little Tom, and then said to the other, —

*"C'est vexant au suprême degré!"* (It is provoking!) For he supposed little Tom had heard all the secrets he had been telling to his friend.

Tom did not fancy that, and when the other one added, —

*"C'est un bon enfant!"* (He is a nice little fellow), Tom looked up and gave him a sweet smile. The gentleman smiled in return, and then Tom asked so prettily, *"Sind sie böse mit mir?"* (Are you angry with me?) that the gentleman was compelled to say, *"Eh non; ce n'est pas cela."* (O, no! it is not that.)

But at the same time Tom knew he *was* a little

vexed at his hearing what had been said. He could not say he did not understand them, for he did; but he had not attended to the conversation, because it was not interesting to him, and so he told the gentleman.

"If we had talked about anything you liked to hear, you would have understood it, then?"

"*Ah, oui!*" said Tom, innocently.

"Then it is not your fault that our secret is safe?"

"*Non!*" said Tom, again.

Here the gentleman laughed, and told Tom he had learned a lesson, and that was not to tell his affairs in a public place, even in a foreign language.

"But how came you to know and understand German and French at your age? You do not look like a foreigner."

"No, but I have lived there," said Tom, coolly.

"Where?"

"In Russia, and Switzerland, and Germany, and Rome," answered Tom, promptly.

"Of what nation is the boy?" asked the other gentleman, in surprise, staring at Tom.

"I'm a Yankee," answered Tom, briskly, "because I was born here in America; but then, as I've always lived in Europe, is not that being a foreigner?" he inquired, anxiously.

The gentleman smiled at Tom's anxiety, and

begged him not to be troubled, and assured him he was quite safe, for Tom looked a little alarmed at this new idea of being a foreigner.

"Who is the boy's father, and what is he doing here, alone?" inquired one of the gentlemen, kindly.

"I will ask him," said the other. "Tell me, little one, what your name is, and how you came to be here alone, at this hour?"

"My name is little Tom Hamilton," he answered. "My father's name is James Hamilton."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the gentleman. "My old friend James alive, and in this country! I must find him, and ask his opinion about my machine, that I hope to get a patent for, in Washington, this winter."

"Poor fellow!" whispered the other gentleman, softly, shaking his head solemnly, for he had never invented anything himself, and supposed it impossible for his friend to do so. People often think they are wise when they are most foolish.

Little Tom, having finished his breakfast, thought he would take a stroll about the city, and leave his father's friends to finish their lunch without him. Having heard from Tom that he had a friend waiting for him outside the door, they concluded he was quite safe, and out of mischief.

"He was an odd little fellow," they said, and dismissed him from their thoughts.

But Tom was not quite so safe as they believed. The man with ballads was a rogue ; he persuaded Tom to go with him to find his hand-organ, and a monkey that would dance to the tunes he sang.

Tom was easily persuaded. He had nothing else to do, and was very glad to go. Don't you remember how very easy it is to get into mischief when you have nothing to do? Do try not to be idle ; it is very tiresome work, and leads you into *such* trouble. Tom was no exception to this rule.



## CHAPTER XI.

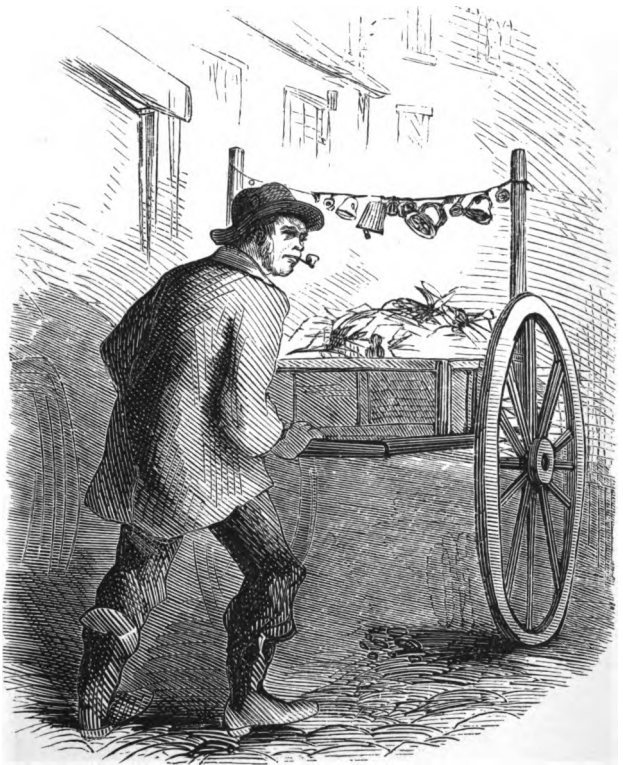
### THE NEWSBOYS. — THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

**A**S they came to a more crowded part of the city, Tom's attention was attracted by so many different objects that he found it hard to get on. The street was so muddy that he was afraid of soiling his neat patent-leather boots. As he hesitated, two young girls ran forward at the same time, holding out their hands for a penny, and sweeping a path before him in a vigorous manner.

"They are very polite," said Tom, bowing his thanks very gracefully.

"That is not what they want," said his new friend; "they are looking for money. One of them girls is my daughter." He said this with an ugly smile at the child.

She shook her head as Tom took out his small, well-filled purse, and carefully selected a few coins from among the gold and silver pieces with which it was filled, and handed them to the expectant girl, who took the money with a smile. But Tom's new friend saw the action, and said, —



**THE RAG-PICKER.**



"Let me look at that foreign money. I have never seen such a handsome purse before, nor so much gold, for many a day."

Tom laughed, and handed his well-filled purse to the man. He looked at him a moment, and then darted around the corner, with Tom after him. The little red cap that Tom wore on shipboard, which he had caught up in his hurry, fell into the gutter, and was picked up a few minutes after by a rag gatherer, but not until it was crushed out of shape by a vehicle that buried it completely in the mud.

Tom ran, but what could his little footsteps do? He followed the man until he was tired, and sat down upon a doorstep to rest, until he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was wandering alone in a desert, pursued by a tiger. Poor Tom was in no desert, but a big city, and no tiger, but wickedness, pursued him. He felt faint and tired, and very soon the two girls, whom he had so kindly helped, came by.

"Look there!" said one. "It is the same little chap that gave us the money. Let us stop and speak to him."

"I am willing," said the other, creeping up to peep at him.

She disturbed Tom by doing this, who moved in his sleep, and exclaimed, —

"*Cochit num, num!*" \*

"He is gone distracted," said the girl, shaking him by the arm.

"*Padye proche!*" † exclaimed Tom, shaking her off, and rousing himself.

"What do you mean?" said the girl. "What is the matter with you?"

"I was asleep," said Tom, rubbing his eyes. "Where am I? I thought I was at home in Russia."

"In Russia?"

"Yes; that's where I live. I mean where I did live."

"Where do you live now?" asked the girl.

That question aroused Tom. Where did he live? He was quite puzzled to answer.

"Where? I don't know — in New York!"

"But in what street?" inquired the girl.

That Tom could not recollect at once.

"Well, you're a silly fellow! You had better come home with us, and see what we can do for you."

"My father can help you," said the other child, taking Tom by the hand, and leading him kindly.

Tom was glad to find a friend, even in a street-sweep. And his generous impulse in giving his

\* I am hungry.

† Get away.

money freely, was quickly repaid by the interest his new friends felt for the little fellow.

He followed them to their miserable home, and was surprised to see the poverty there. It was such poverty that you never dreamed of. The room was so small, the little bed, where they all slept together, was not spread upon a bedstead, or even upon the floor, — that would have taken too much space, — it was hanging upon a clothes-line, that was strung across the room from wall to wall. There was a small stand, or table, with the remains of their breakfast upon it, and a couple of chairs, which served for seats or closets, as all the articles which they used for cooking were huddled beneath or upon them.

"What do you hang that bed up on the line for?" inquired Tom, for he was in the habit of asking questions when he did not understand anything.

"That bed!" said the mother, laughing; "well, that is the only place for it; but you see it leaks so in the roof, that the bed is too damp to sleep in, unless we hang it up every morning. We have had so much rainy weather lately," she said, apologetically, as Tom looked shocked.

"Then that bag on the ceiling is to catch the rain-water, is it?" asked inquiring Tom.

"O, no! Dear me! that is only my petticoat that I fastened up on the wall with a couple of forks, for

it does pour down right on the foot of our bed at night. I put my old water-proof cloak on the bed, but it don't seem to keep it out."

"What are those saucepans scattered round upon the floor for?" said Tom, surveying the place with a child's questioning eyes.

"Those are to catch the rain, to be sure," said Charlotte, one of the girls who came with Tom. "Did not you ever see any before?"

Tom could not own that he had, at least in such a position.

"Well, we did not expect company," said the girl's mother. "And it is awful damp here, and so I let 'em sit and catch it."

"I guess you'd catch it if they didn't. Your room is as damp as the grave, and I should think you'd all have fevers together," said a boy, who was looking in.

"We are trying to find a house, but we can't get one; everything is full."

"You'd better come and stay with us," said the boy, tossing his head grandly.

"You newsboys have a nice home. I wonder if you can't take this little fellow with you to-night. We can't lodge him here: we are full."

"Who is he?" asked the boy, eyeing Tom curiously.

"He is lost, and maybe they'll offer a reward for him," she whispered, slyly.

"There seems to be no spare berths in your room, Mrs. Daley. To say the truth, none at all," said the newsboy, who had keen eyes and a sharp tongue, and who seemed to know and see through everything at a glance, so that Tom felt as if he were under a magnifying glass when he cast his eyes at him. "I've heard that in the crowded hotels out West they give a friend a nail to hang on, and that seems to be your fashion here," the boy said, looking up at the damp straw bed.

"You are always full of your jokes, Ned. We are rather crowded, to be sure, now Johnny is growing so tall."

"You don't count Johnny in too, I hope!"

"O, yes! we always sleep four in a bed. And it would be sech a comfort if my Johnny had a bed to hisself. He does quarrel so, and Mary Jane gets so tired working so hard all day. If I only had a dollar to buy me a new straw bed, I think I should soon get a big enough room to put it in, though we women have so little pay."

"Here's your dollar," said the boy, tossing it to her. "Do get your straw bed, and don't *try* to get along without telling folks how you suffer."

"Suffer? We don't complain. We are doing well compared to many," she said; but taking the dollar, with a red face and sparkling eyes. "This strike for higher wages among the men is hurting



more than it helps. Our rent was not paid, and we had to leave at short notice. This was the only room we could find. If George only had the work, he would bring me home the money, I know," she answered, proudly.

"O, yes, I dare say!" replied the boy, winking incredulously; "but I must be off. It is time for my papers to be sold. Are you going with me, old fellow?" he said to Tom, who listened in astonishment to the new mode of life that his sheltered home had never led him in contact with before, and which he was very glad to leave.

Such fun as the boy made of Tom when they got out. Didn't Tom know where he belonged? He'd soon teach him to know his place! And to find his own father.

He wanted Tom to go with him and sell his papers, and after he was rested they both set off, each with a big bundle of papers under his arm.

It was great fun! The boy amused Tom by the immense amount of knowledge he had picked up in the streets. He informed people of the most wonderful things, some of which had never happened at all. He had a way of enlarging upon a piece of news, until it seemed that some great event was coming, and people hurried to buy his papers — then found he had told it all!

Many of the newsboys make a great deal of

course of lectures, a free library, besides another one belonging to a society in the building.

"If it were not vacation time, you should go to school with me to-night," said the newsboy.

"I must go home," answered Tom, beginning to think it was time. But it was not so easy a thing to do. Tom turned away from the boy, and went up the street; then he went down, and the newsboy nodded and smiled "Good by!" If Tom wanted to go, *he* was willing, and quite indifferent.

Tom had not noticed the number and name of the street where he lived, and he looked about, and saw so many streets crossing each other, that he was quite puzzled. He walked on, and felt very tired. He came to a bronze statue of Washington on horseback. This reminded him of the story of the leaden soldier that was melted into bullets, and he felt sorry that he was tempted to run away. Then he saw a green, grassy spot, like a park, with a fountain in it. Here he sat down to rest, and here he fell asleep.

When he awoke he felt rested, and saw a policeman, with a club in his hand, looking at him.

"Where am I?" said Tom. "What is this place?"

"This is Union Square," he answered.

Tom looked about. "Union Square! It is an oval," he said; "everything is turned round."

"What is the matter?" said the policeman.

"I believe I'm lost!" replied Tom, ready to cry.

"I'll soon set you right. I'll send word to the police station; they'll send there to inquire for you. Nobody need be lost here."

Tom felt comforted.

We leave Tom in the hands of the policeman, who is very sure he can find Tom's parents for him. But what an inglorious ending to Tom's day of adventures. They are not over yet, but we will leave the policeman to find his home for Tom, and look at the breakfast-room where they missed him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TOM LOST.

"**W**HERE is little Tom?" asked Mr. Hamilton, at breakfast; "you are all here but Tom; he is too small to be missed."

"Where is he? Ask nurse to send him down, Mary. He is so sleepy lately, he ran about so much," replied his languid, gentle mother.

But the gentleness and the indifference vanished as Mary returned without bringing him.

"Nurse says she thought he went away with Peter. His cap and gloves are gone."

"Have you seen him, Peter?"

"Indeed, I never saw him to-day!" exclaimed Peter, in his excitement. "He must be lost!"

"How can you say such a thing, Peter?"

"I mean, if he went out alone, he must be lost, because he could never find his way back in this big city."

"The streets and avenues are numbered. He can't be lost," said his father, but with some anxiety. "Eat your breakfast, children. He will be in directly."

We finished our breakfast silently, but Tom did not come. Nor could we hear a word about him. We expected every moment that he would come running in, and we tried very hard not to be anxious.

We had been talking together about going to the Academy of Design. It is a large, handsome building, and every year there is an exhibition of paintings there. But Tom need not have been troubled about going, for it was closed that very morning that he ran away. Walter ought to have brought us the tickets before, for I cannot tell you now what we saw there. We walked out, and went to the Studio Building, where we looked at many beautiful pictures in the artists' studios. One particularly pleased us, and we were sorry that Tom did not come. It was an enormous buffalo, that had been wounded. He was in a prairie, and you could see the ugly little prairie wolves snarling around him, and the distant prairie fires. There was a bramble-bush, with red berries on it, that looked as if we could pluck them, we were so near. The buffalo had red spots in his eyes, that made him fearful. But as we went nearer, the red berries and the red glare in the eyes of the beast faded away, and there were only brown paint and the rough canvas. The painter is the only true magician. We had been in the prairie, and heard the howling of the wolves, and had seen the wind move

the fur on the buffalo's back, and almost felt his hot breath upon our cheek. We were glad when Mr. Hays spoke to us, and we found ourselves in his studio, and that the prairie and the big buffalo were not a reality, and that we were safe. How he made the fur move, and the eyes shine, puzzled us; the fur looked so warm, and thick, and real, on the buffalo. All the other paintings were very tame after seeing this; but many artists were out of town, taking sketches among the lakes and mountains, for their winter's work. So we wandered about, hoping to meet Tom, and then we walked into Stewart's.

"It seems like Russia here," said Peter.

"Why?" asked Walter; for the day was very warm.

"Because, in the shops of St. Petersburg one can buy a side-saddle, or an Indian dress; and here are bonnets, bathing-dresses, embroideries, and cloaks, all for sale under the same roof."

"As we do not need anything, let us only walk through the different rooms, and walk out, for I saw some pictures at Goupil's window that I would like to look at. It is on the next corner, and I want to see the bronze statue of George Washington on horseback, at Union Park."

"We can't see everything at once. I want to go to the Cooper Institute, and to the Astor Library. There are more than a hundred thousand volumes

upon every subject in the Astor Library. Think of that, Peter, and it's free, too."

"A hundred thousand volumes on every subject! What a library! And free, too," answered Peter, with indifference.

"You never care, Peter! Now listen. There is a library for printers: that is free, too."

"No. I don't care a bit. I want to see little Tom's pug nose, and eyes like black beads. I can't bear to think about it. I don't want to hear about books."

"Of course Tom is safe. No one is ever lost now," said Walter. "It is absurd to be so anxious. I begin to think it is strange, though."

If Walter began to think *it was strange*, Peter felt comforted, and was persuaded to go and look at a picture of the Reformation that Walter had heard about, and as they were so near they went to see it. But Peter was very restless while there. He saw Columbus, the discoverer, Luther, the reformer, Galileo, the astronomer, Dante, the poet, and Shakespeare, with many, many other distinguished men, all crowded together in one picture; and there was a little book to explain who they were, and what they did. Wonderful discoverers, men of science, reformers, poets, musicians, and artists. But Peter didn't care.

"Come, Walter, let us leave them all, and go

home and look after Tom," Peter exclaimed, impatiently.

"O, he will be there before we are!" said Walter, with composure.

But Walter was wrong. Then Mrs. Hamilton begged us to go to the island, and see if he had gone there, to visit the old sailors at Snug Harbor. He liked to talk to them about his travels. Perhaps he had gone to the wharves to look at the shipping, she thought.

We were very glad to go. We longed for the beauty and quiet of the country. The city seemed so hot and dusty, so cruel and noisy, after swallowing up little Tom, like a wicked, unfeeling monster, as it is!

Why he should have been so foolish as to run away from a kind home, and wander away among the crooked streets of a large city, hungry and tired, with no place to sit, and no home to sleep in, seemed strange to us. So strange that we thought he might have been stolen by some travelling circus, or some menagerie.

"He was so fond of the animals, and he wanted to stay at Barnum's, and go on the stage with the little black boys," Mary said, when we got home.

"What nonsense, Mary! He never meant that!" said Peter.

"He *said* so!" Mary replied, innocently.



"Tom is like the rest of the world," said his father. "He fancies he can do wonders; but when he attempts to fly, he finds his wings are clipped."

"I wish they *had* been in this case," complained his mother. "I cannot think where the child is. He *cannot be lost*, you say!"

"No; he *cannot* be lost!" persisted his father.

"It is an excellent *imitation*, ma'am, I think," said old nurse. "If that child comes home alive, I am mistaken. I mean to go and look for him."

"You certainly may go, with Peter and Mary, and see if you can hear a word about him."

Then Mrs. Hamilton decided to go herself, for she could not stay at home and wait patiently, and nurse, wondering at the unusual animation of her mistress, gladly hurried to bring the shawl, bonnet, and gloves. Peter ran for a carriage, and she, with Mr. Hamilton, set off.

We hurried after them to the ferry-boat, and they would not let us run through in a crowd, but we were obliged to go through a small gateway, paying our fare as we went, one by one, to the ticket-master. It was such a slow process, and we became *so* impatient, for we knew the boat would go without us! At last just the right amount of coppers was frantically found, and we went on board, keeping several persons waiting behind us, who looked as if it were a very important matter to



THE APPLE-WOMAN.



*them* not to lose the boat, and as if they wished that children were not always in the way.

"What do they have that stupid little entrance for? It only makes us late, trying to get through it," grumbled Walter.

"It is to prevent people passing through without paying," said Mr. Hamilton, who had been impatiently waiting for us to come up, while the passengers, sitting on deck, looked at us in amusement, as if we were a spectacle ourselves, in our race and hurry to come on board.

"Would anybody try to get through without paying the fare? How very small!" exclaimed Peter.

"How? Small enough to go through the gate? I had no difficulty," said Mrs. Hamilton, absently, as usual. "But where is my shawl? Peter, have you seen it? It was hanging over my arm while we were waiting. Perhaps I dropped it!" she gently added.

We were all in a state of excitement at once.

"Peter, run on shore, quick! Perhaps it is on the settee, where she sat by the apple-woman. It may have fallen down between them. Walter, ask those women to move," cried Mr. Hamilton, to the boys.

There was such a running about for a few minutes, all in vain, that it caused Mrs. Hamilton to regret she had mentioned her loss.

"You will never find it, of course!" said her husband, quietly.

"Why?" she sweetly inquired, looking placidly up.

"It is stolen, my dear. Some one took it off your arm as we entered the boat."

"It must have been that exceedingly pleasant lady, who entertained me so kindly while we were waiting. I saw her disappear very suddenly," she murmured.

"Think no more about it, my dear," he said, as she stared about, in a bewildered way, "for you will never see your shawl again. And in future, *let me beg* that you will fasten it more securely to your throat."

"I threw it back a little, it is so warm in the sun," she replied, gently, thinking of little Tom, and indifferent to the loss.

"I believe she would lose her bonnet, and not miss it, and not care," Peter whispered, indignantly.

"Will they steal the clothes off your back in New York, mamma?" asked Mary, timidly, half frightened.

"So it appears, my child. Be careful and not lose your cap, Peter."

Peter was leaning over the side of the boat, gazing at the water as it dashed along, showering the white spray behind it, and rocking the small boats

that carefully kept out of its way, as if it were a monster to be feared.

We watched the city receding and fading away in the distance. The masts and the spires became more indistinct; the red color of the brick buildings faded into a gray mist. Then a fog came up, which wrapped the city in a thick white mantle like smoke. And still Peter watched the shore, thinking of little Tom, and feeling very cold and melancholy.

He started as his father touched him on the shoulder, saying, —

"I thought you would like to see Governor's Island as we pass it. How green the grass is! It is a beautiful spot!"

"What is that upon it? Is that a fort, father?"

"Yes!" he answered.

"See the cannon peeping out of the port-holes! How formidable that is," said Walter.

"That little round castle, too, looks as if any hostile vessel would find it difficult to pass without a shot going through her. That used to be called Castle William; there are three tiers of port-holes filled with cannon. There are seventy-two acres of land in that island."

"How beautifully it slopes down to the water's edge!" said Peter.

"In the time of the war, and even after that,

you could see the sentinels walking about keeping guard, and a row of black-mouthed cannon, like sleeping lions, crouching in that green grass, as you sailed by.

"Bedloe's Island is fortified, too. We have just passed that. The hospital was there during the war. It looks very differently now — in these waters. The iron-clads were here, and the monitors looking so fierce; but the best part of those vessels was entirely under water. There was little left above the water to be seen. I went on board of one; there was a circular tower on deck for the captain to stand in, and give his orders, and that had narrow slits or loop-holes in it wide enough for a bullet to pass through, if fate chose to send one.

"Now we are away from the islands, and the view of New York is the same that we saw when we were coming up the harbor."

"We saw Blackwell's Island when we were coming up East River," said Walter, "where the Penitentiary is. I saw the building; it was large enough to hold a thousand men. The workhouse was near it, so they can work there."

"They have to work. They had better work before they go there, and not steal."

"There is an insane hospital there, too."

"What is that for?" asked Mary, though she did not like to hear about it.

"Because, when people are very wicked it makes them crazy sometimes. They feel so sorry for what they have done, and yet they cannot help the evil consequences of it. So the officers have the hospital all ready for them to go into."

"Why, Peter, that is not the reason!" said Walter.

"Well, it is a *good* reason for having it there."

"Why should they have the small-pox hospital there?"

"That is at the other end of the island," said Peter's father.

"Did they cut the stone for the buildings themselves?" asked Peter, with pitying eyes.

"Yes. All those buildings—the almshouse, and the others, which you have mentioned, were quarried from the solid rock by the poor convicts," he replied.

"I don't pity them," said Walter.

"I pity them more than anybody," said Mary.  
"More than I do the poor people in the almshouse."

"Why, Mary?"

"Because they must feel so sorry sometimes."

"Perhaps they do. Some among them certainly suffer very much before they grow hardened. You must keep your kind heart, little Mary."

She promised cheerfully.

Walter came up, and hearing the conversation, said, —



"There is an ugly little island near Governor's Island, and a woman told me it was called Gallows Island, because they used to hang people there," he said, with a shudder.

"Why did she tell you such a thing as that?"

"Because I asked her, papa!"

"Well, they hang very few people now, my dear. Don't look so serious about it. We are coming to the beautiful shores of the island. Not the hanging island, but Staten Island. Look up and see the shore as we stop at New Brighton."

They all stood and gazed at the people as they went off the boat, very quietly. A boy, about the age of Walter, who was as impatient as Peter, thought it would be pleasant to jump ashore, and he leaped forward, but his strength was not equal to his ambition, and he fell into the water.

"Boy overboard!" was the cry, and in a moment, it seemed to us, the dripping boy appeared. He had gone under, and was rescued by two of the boat hands, who seized him by the foot. He had lost his vest, which had been under his arm, and his cap, and appeared to be generally extinguished, ambition and all.

This served to rouse and interest us all, even though the beautiful shores of the island that we passed were dotted with handsome houses. One, like an English residence, we admired for its

beauty. Some of them were like the Dutch houses, in their wooden shutters and low, square roofs. But many of them were fanciful, like Swiss cottages. The grounds were kept so beautifully smooth, and the grass was so green as it sloped to the water's edge, with hardly a line of beach left to mark the shore, that we thought it the most beautiful spot we had ever seen.

"May we stay and pass the summer here? We can see the city all the time, and yet we can be in the country," we cried. "We like this best!"

"If we could find a cosey nook near the Snug Harbor, where we could avoid the noise and dust of the city, I might like it.

"And fancy we were in Venice, where the streets are water. For the houses are so hidden in the trees that the road is not visible, and the boats pass the windows at every hour in the day.

"I would call my home 'The Snuggery!' and be thankful for such a house as that," he said, pointing to one hidden in the trees next the Snug Harbor. "Here, boys, are the old sailors, on the alert."

We ran off the boat, helped by the old sailors, and ran up the steep hill leading to the harbor. The old sailors were seated on benches, under the trees, looking at the passengers as they came up. They had all sailed "five years under the flag," and

seemed to be proud of their fine white marble building that is their home.

"It is all *ours!*" they said. "It belongs to us. It was willed to us." A noble charity! The monument of the donor stands before the door of the largest building, with his name, ROBERT RICHARD RANDALL, upon it. But I think the name written upon the hearts of the old seamen is a more lasting tribute. This property was purchased by money left by Captain Randall, in 1801, to support superannuated or helpless sailors for life. There was land belonging to it in Broadway then, which has become very valuable, and is still increasing in value. The rent of the land has been used to buy one hundred and sixty acres upon Staten Island. They have built a substantial wall around it, to last for years. Some of the buildings are white marble, and some are brick, painted white. The governor's house is handsome, and the minister and the doctor also have fine residences there. But the old sailor feels that he is owner of it all. He says, grandly, "It was given all to us." He is right. It is theirs by the will of Captain Randall. They make a few baskets to sell, for amusement, and we went to see them at their work. Their chapel is a small, elegant church, and the voices of the old sailors, led by the fine voice of their minister, may be heard far off, singing their evening hymn.



**THE POLICEMAN.**



There is even a home for the children of sailors in the rear of this fine building, but it was too long a walk for us to-day.

One of the sailors, who was paralytic, — and there were many who were so afflicted, — had invented a carriage, by which he could pull himself along over the ground. He was seated in a wheeled chair, placed in this cart. Peter and Mary were delighted with the sight, and he invited them to ride. Mary, being taller, stood behind the man, and Peter in front. He wheeled them both along the sidewalk, and himself, too, without much exertion.

"I went to New York the other day," he said, in glee, as they rolled along. "I made them stare there. The policeman came up to see what the crowd was round me. But *just then* I was going along smooth, and not obstructing the sidewalk," he said, with a wink.

"You ought to have a patent for that thing," said Peter's father.

"Ah! it costs so much," he answered, looking serious in a minute. "*I can't do it.* I have made a good many of these machines, and keep improving them."

"I wish he could get a patent for them," said Mr. Hamilton. "But we must hurry, if we are going to ride around the island."

"It is always 'we must hurry!' although we

have just come," grumbled Peter. But the drive was so beautiful that he could not complain. The beautiful woods through which we passed, and the green grass sloping to the sleeping lake in a hollow among the hills, and the distant view of New York, would have delighted us more, but we were so anxious that we could not enjoy them much to-day. We saw the Sailors' Retreat, which is supported by a tax on the sailors, with trustees appointed by the governor. Near that is a home for the sisters and widows of seamen. There are so many different charities in New York that I cannot tell you about them all. The city is noted for them.

We returned to the ferry-boat, and saw the shores of the island fade away as we waved our hands to the old sailors, thinking they had indeed found a Snug Harbor for life. But we had heard nothing of Tom in our wanderings, though we are not very anxious : nobody can be lost in New York.

A shower came up, and then a rainbow, as beautiful as the one that appeared after the deluge, shone upon the green trees, lighting them up with glory. It was a perfect arch, that spanned the sky like a bridge, and lowered itself down to the forests, while the trees looked a paler green through the rainbow-colored light.

"It is too beautiful to last!" cried Mary. "See, it is fading away, but how slowly."

"It is almost gone now," said Peter. "How little Tom would have enjoyed it!"

"Perhaps he is up there. Perhaps poor Tom is looking down upon us from that bridge!" said Mary.

"Hush! mamma might hear you. It is not at all likely that Tom is there."

"Why not? If he died he went to heaven, I believe — I mean, I hope!"

"Hush, Mary! don't say such dreadful things. Tom is safe, I know, somewhere."

"But where, Peter?"

"If I could say *that*, I should go after him," replied Peter.

"I don't think it is a dreadful thing to say he is in heaven, because he would be safe there," she whispered.

"Don't, Mary, be such a foolish child. He is only lost."

"Only lost! Poor little Tom!" cried Mary.

"Well, I don't see where he can be. He ought to be at home by this time. What can have become of him! He had money enough, and an English tongue in his head," said Walter.

"And a foreign one, too!" interrupted Mary.

"And a foreign one, too," repeated Peter, "if that would help him any. It might, on the contrary, be an injury to him. Father!" he cried out, suddenly, "could not some of those beggarly Italians,



those organ-grinders, have caught him, and persuaded him to go with them?"

"He was *so* fond of the monkeys!" said Mary.

"The poor Italians are hired themselves," said their father, "or hire their organs in the city. They cannot support their own families, those poor fellows. Why should they take another child to be a burden? Even another monkey, Mary, would be too much."

"But he would be so very cunning and pretty. Poor little Tom would sing those Italian songs so sweetly, and he liked it so much. I'm afraid he followed the man," said Mary, sadly.

"Wouldn't it be a good thing, father, to see some of those organ-grinding people," Peter repeated, cautiously, for his father frowned so at him.

"I will do all I can," replied his anxious father. "Poor foolish little Tom, enjoying the novelty of being his own master all this time, and never thinking of the kind hearts grieving for him at home."

"But he may be with the organ-man and the monkey! Perhaps he will stay with the man, and never come home again. Poor Tom!" sighed Mary, dolefully.

"I only hope he is not run over," said Peter; "because his pocket-book was picked up in the

street. It is a foreign one, and I knew it in a moment."

"Who found that?" exclaimed Mary.

"An old rag-gatherer picked it out of the gutter, where they were paving the streets. He says it had been run over."

"It has had a dreadful blow!" said nurse, solemnly.

"Don't fancy that he has been run over," exclaimed Walter, "for a gentleman that my father knows mentioned to some one else that he saw him down town."

"Saw him! Where was he?"

"He was sitting very comfortably, taking his lunch."

"How did he know Tom? I don't believe that," said Peter.

"Tom told him his name, and said he had friends with him. He went away with them."

"He does not know a person in the city. Who was the gentleman who said that?" exclaimed Peter.

"He was that man who invented something, and went to Washington for a patent. What is his name?"

"We'll all go to Washington, too!" cried Peter, suddenly.

"My father is going directly," said Walter. "We shall remain quietly here."

"Then ask mamma to let us go, too. We *must* go! We cannot wait."

Will you go with us? For nothing can prevent us, when we are determined to have our own way. I know it is very naughty, but we now have such a good reason. Tom is missing, and we cannot rest.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HOME AGAIN.

**W**E heard the dustman's bell early in the morning, with its dismal tinkle, rattling and shaking over the stones, as if for no reason but to let itself be heard, for the most valueless things make the most noise in the world: how else would they ever become known!

"O, nurse, beg him to be more quiet!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, whose nerves had quite given way under the excitement of Tom's loss.

Nurse went out to obey her mistress' orders, and came in, in a kind of terror and bewilderment of grief.

"What is it? What is the matter now?" said Mrs. Hamilton.

Nurse sank helplessly into a chair, the picture of grief and distress.

"Rouse yourself!" cried Peter. "If you give up we shall all go under at once. What is the matter?"

"Tom! Tom!" she groaned.

"Is he dead?" uttered Peter, in horror.

"No! not that I knows on!" she cried, in her excitement; "but here is his cap that the dustman threw out."

"His cap crushed and beaten in. He has been run over and killed," wailed his mother.

"His cap, to be sure: and soon we shall see Tom himself," said Peter. "What a time they make over him. I think I'll try it myself," he added, with a lofty toss of his head, to conceal his utter hopelessness.

"Hark! there is the door-bell: there may be some news of him," said nurse. "No! It is only that wearisome bell-man eternally ringing, whether 'school keeps or not'!"

"O, nurse! you have a proverb for every breath. It tries me so," sighed Mrs. Hamilton.

The bell rang again in good earnest. Peter ran out to see, as usual, what was going on; and returned, bringing no dismal news, as he inwardly feared, but master Tom! looking a little scared, as if afraid of a whipping, and thoroughly extinguished, as if he had been out in a shower. His cap was gone; his hair uncombed; his shirt collar and tidy cuffs crumpled and soiled. His new shiny boots were full of wrinkles, and he had generally a wilted, crumpled, and forlorn air, like a little dog that has been whipped; as if he had been playing truant, and was well ashamed of his frolic.

"You naughty boy!" cried nurse, sobbing.

"You darling creature!" said his mother, embracing and shaking him.

Peter sniffed, and walked to the window. Mary laughed and cried by turns.

Walter only said, coolly, "Now we shan't go to Washington this season."

But what did Tom say? Looking up, with the rarest composure, Tom lisped out, "What 'th the wow?"

"You foolish little fellow! You have almost driven us wild."

"I? How?" he asked, unconscious of it all. "I have been theeing New York."

"You have seen the elephant, have you, Tom?" asked Walter, ironically.

"No; 'cause Barnum 'th burnt."

I think we have had quite enough of Spectacles, and of seeing wonders, if the children must go in search of miracles themselves.

"Could not we find a home, ma'am, where we could be quiet, and rest after all our wanderings?" asked nurse, anxiously. "No one knows the value of a home but those who have lost it. Spectacles for young eyes are pleasant, but for the old ones home is the best sight, — with heaven to look upward to," she added, silently.

"I quite agree with you!" sighed Mrs. Hamil-

ton. "But where shall we find one that we could be satisfied with, after all the novelty and beauty we have seen?"

"Ask the children," said nurse. "They will answer correctly. They have a choice in this respect which we ought to consider: we are growing old ourselves."

"We growing old! I hardly agree with you in that; but they shall choose, and be happy, for I never care where I am, if the children are satisfied."

The children heard this. "New York! New York!" they cried. "There is no place like it."

Their father, after rewarding the kind policeman, who so sensibly performed his duty in restoring Tom "to the bosom of his afflicted family, after several days of absence," as he was fond of telling his friends; enlarging upon the story, until it grew so startling that even Tom would not have recognized the adventures, or himself as hero of them. Their father decided, after the trip to Washington, that home was indeed the best place, and that New York was the best home. For the Jew and the Christian meet and are welcomed there; the foreigner and the native have the same rights; the Indian woman, in her blanket, with her Man-hat-on, still sits in the market-place, whence Irving facetiously declares the tribe, and even the Island, derives its name.

So we, too, mean to sit by the wayside, and rest

on that wonderful Island, whose beauty is still fresh, though the Indian tribes have passed away.

If we cast our magic spectacles into the future, what shall we see? We can dimly vision the future, by reading the past; for the events of the future follow the footsteps of the 'past, as their natural shadow. Although we can never read the future, unless we look at the past, *then* we can see reflected, as in a mirror, the most wonderful spectacles, and we regret our past misdeeds.

Walter went to West Point. We look forward, and expect to see him a general, because he was a fine student. But the hesitation, the cowardice, the procrastination of his boyhood will make him such a cautious soldier, that he will be always waiting for the right moment to act; and while waiting for it, that grand moment will fly unheeded by, and he will never rise to distinction.

We think Peter will become a surgeon, whose cheering voice and tender eye give comfort to many a sinking heart. Cheerfulness brings hope, and hope gives strength and courage to the soul. We thank Peter for his merry way of seeing life. Let us take a lesson from him, and sing his song:—

The grasshopper swings in the new-mown hay,  
And fiddles away at his ease,  
While the sun is so hot, the shadows at play  
Fall down asleep by the trees.



If the rain comes on, his tent is outspread,  
His umbrella is found in a sheaf;  
If he had not a hut, or a hole for his head,  
He'd fiddle upon a green leaf.

Then why should *we* pine if the sun don't shine,  
And why should we weep and moan?  
A blue sky is bent o'er a heart that's content,  
A clover leaf maketh a throne.

We see Nob finishing his studies, and coming home, bringing a lovely statue, but the face of the statue resembles Mary, whose image was always in his mind, and although he found fame, it gave him no happiness. The shining wings grew dim as he grasped them, like a faded butterfly in your hot hand. We are sure he married Mary, and when their children are seated together, reading Spectacles, — as you are, — they will say, —

"Mamma, who was that little girl who went to Russia? And who was that sick child in bed? Was that Aunt Rosy?"

And she will answer, —

"Yes, my children; Nob, the poor boy, who had no parents, was papa, and I am that little girl."

Then the children will clap their tiny hands, and cry, —

"O, it was mamma who wore the fairy Spectacles!"

"I only saw through them, my dears," she answered.

"Teach us to see through them!" they will cry.

But Mary could not promise to do that, so she says, seriously, —

"It depends upon yourselves, children, whether you look at the world through golden, sunshiny glasses, which brighten all you see, or through a gray, melancholy lens, which gives a sombre hue to all things, and makes a dismal spectacle of every transient event in life. Try to find the sunshiny glasses that give a golden tint to all."

"But where can we find them, mamma?" the children say.

Then Mary takes poor Nob by the hand, and says, "Love, Faith, and Charity make perfect Spectacles for Young Eyes."

THE END.



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